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(U 1,194, E 1,305)

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ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE, FURNISHED FOR A YEAR.

NEAR THE THAMES (only 30 minutes from Town).—To be LET, a well-furnished HOUSE, standing in grounds of 13 acres. Accommodation comprises: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, dairy and usual offices; above are 7 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 9 horses, coach and motor-house; outbuildings with bedrooms for bachelors; well-timbered and very attractive shady grounds, lawns, flower-beds, well-stocked kitchen garden, orchard, large private fishing ponds; 2 cottages can be had if desired. Rent, only £200 per annum.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (E 1,404)

SURREY (10 minutes from Ash Junction and 6 miles from Guildford).—To be LET or SOLD, an attractive RESIDENCE, standing on high ground in a sunny position, approached by carriage drive, contains: hall, drawing room (17ft. by 15ft.), dining room (17ft. by 15ft.), smoking room (14ft. 6in. by 14ft.), usual domestic offices; servants' hall, etc.; above are 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 4 horses, large coach-house, 2 rooms over. The grounds, about 2 acres in extent, are well laid out and matured, 2 tennis lawns, flower beds, shrubberies, good kitchen garden, orchard.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,154)

HUNTING WITH TEDWORTH AND DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS.

WILTS (2¼ miles from main line station on the G.W. Railway).—To be SOLD, an exceedingly compact little PROPERTY of genuinely old character, thatched and most picturesque, standing 400ft. above sea level; lodge, gardener's cottage. Accommodation: hall (23ft. by 8ft.), drawing room, dining room (16ft. 3in. by 15ft. 3in.), smoking room (16ft. 6in. by 11ft. 2in.), usual offices, butler's pantry; principal and secondary staircases leading to 6 best bedrooms, 3 servants' rooms, fitted bathroom (h. and c.); stabling for 3 horses, 1 loose box, coach-house, etc.; beautifully timbered grounds, shaded lawns, tennis, well-matured walled-in kitchen garden, in all 5 acres; close to golf.
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FREEHOLD FARM OF 425 ACRES.

HAMPSHIRE (in the beautiful country between Basingstoke and Newbury, 5 miles from a station).—To be LET or SOLD, small HOUSE, containing: 3 bedrooms, boxroom, sitting room, kitchen, scullery, dairy; outbuildings consist of 1 8-stall stable, 1 2-stall stable, loose box, cart shed, barn, granary, and fowl house. There are 2 cottages, each containing 2 bedrooms, kitchen, and scullery; excellent water supply from a well adjoining the house; shooting over the estate of 425 acres, 229 of which is arable.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,165)

SURREY (in the delightful neighbourhood of Ockley).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, a charming old-fashioned FARMHOUSE: square entrance "well" hall, drawing room (24ft. by 16ft., with large bow), dining room (16ft. by 16ft.), morning room leading to glass-covered verandah, which is furnished during the summer months; the ceiling of the morning room is all genuine, original old oak beams; principal and secondary staircases lead to 5 bedrooms, bathroom, large kitchen with original oak beams, excellent offices; stabling for 2; coach-house, harness room; garden, in all 1 acre with pond; main water supply, good drainage.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above.
(U 1,183, S 672)

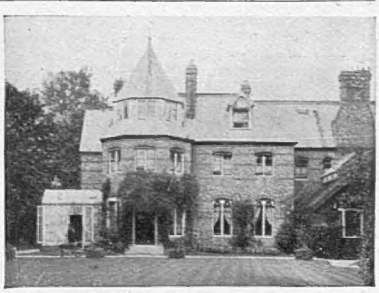
NORTH CORNWALL (within 2½ miles of station on the G.W. Railway, within 7 miles of the delightful seaside resort, Newquay).—To be SOLD, an attractive RESIDENCE, delightfully situated in commanding position standing in well-matured and productive grounds. Approached by a well-kept carriage drive, and contains: beautiful drawing room, with large conservatory, dining room, study, usual offices, 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), lavatory, and front and back staircases. Stabling for 2 horses, coach-house and large loft over, coachman's hut, and potting shed. The garden, well-stocked with fruit, vegetables choice plants and shrubs, includes full-sized tennis court; good rough shooting, trout fishing, hounds and harriers meet within easy distance.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,176)

IN A BERKSHIRE VILLAGE.

£1,800 WILL PURCHASE the above quaint old house, recently converted from 2 cottages with every care that the best parts of their character should be retained: lounge hall (20ft. by 14ft.), with open fireplace and oak-timbered ceiling, 3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; 3½ acres of well-timbered grounds; main water supply.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,100)

BERKS.

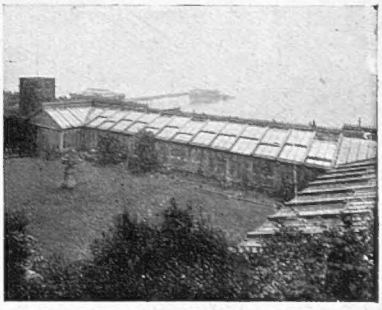
£1,500 WILL PURCHASE the above picturesque old RESIDENCE, situate in an old-world Berkshire village, within 5 minutes' walk of the Thames, 2½ miles of station, whence Town is reached in just over the hour: lounge hall, dining, drawing rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling for 3, coach-house or garage; well-timbered grounds, including tennis or croquet lawn. Would be LET on Lease.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,187)



SURREY (within 1 mile of station, 14 miles from Town).—To be LET, the above RESIDENCE, standing on high ground, occupying a fine open position: 3 reception, boudoir, full-sized billiard room, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 2 staircases, usual offices; stabling for 3 horses, 2 coach-houses. The grounds, which extend to about 2 acres, consist of lawn, excellent kitchen garden, conservatory, 2 small greenhouses.
Apply, Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above. (U 1,178)

UNIQUE MARINE RESIDENCE.

Madiera-like in the evenness of the temperature, while bracing by its height above and close proximity to the sea.



SUSSEX.—To be SOLD, a first-class MARINE RESIDENCE, occupying one of the finest positions on the South Coast, close to and 100ft. above the sea, commanding magnificent views of the English Channel, and within 1¾ hours of Charing Cross: 4 reception rooms, spacious winter garden with a large verandah balcony immediately overlooking the sea, 12 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 2 horses; fine vinery and conservatory; the garden overlooks the sea, and embraces lawn with raised terrace; electric light, gas, main drainage, sandrock subsoil. Price, 3,000 gns.
Personally inspected and recommended by Mr. F. J. RONALD, as above.

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MERCERISED LAWN SLIP, in all colours, to button, invisibly, down the front.

Price - 14/6

NEW FANCY JAP SILK BLOUSE, in Green, Heliotrope, Sky, and Pink, piped Black Silk to match tie.

Price - 39/6

LAWN BLOUSE, in White and all colours. PRICE 18/6
Also WHITE JAP SILK,

Price - 24/6

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"La Samothrace"

Every Corset made in Paris.

BEAUTIFUL FRENCH CORSETS FROM

10/11 to £6-6-0

The London Corset Company's famous Guinea Corset, beautiful in shape, material, and finish, in a dozen varieties of fanciful fabrics, becoming alike to the stout and slim.

"How Parisian, what a perfect shape!" was the exclamation of the lady expert on seeing the Corset of Brocaded Coutille, cut low, and long on hips, the price ***22/6.*** It is simply delicious.

Beautiful, simple, and elegant is the dainty little low Corset in Silk Batiste, fitting well over the hips, and boned ever so slightly. This corset is as light as a feather, and can be worn with comfort by those who dislike stays altogether. Price ***58/9.***

SUSPENDERS, 2/6 per pair extra.

Charming Shirt Blouse of lawn with embroidered hemstitched frill, at either end of which are insertions of Valenciennes lace. Dainty turnover collar and cuffs. Price ***18/11.***

A remarkable novelty in straight-fronted Corsets is **"La Samothrace,"** specially devoted to the tailor-made gown. It is composed of a new black silk material which fits closely into the figure, is quite innocent of lace or ribbons, and owes its delightful appearance to the lines of coloured silk outlining the top and seams in graceful curves. Price ***53/6.***

In Brocaded Silk Batiste. Latest and most *chic* of Corsets. Veritable triumph of Parisian artistic skill. Price ***73/6.*** Including Suspenders.

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No. 226.—Vol. XVIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 1, 1908 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Russell*

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The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willie James, of West Dean, Chichester. A keen follower of Lord Leconfield's Foxhounds, and also Lady Gifford's Harriers

No. 226.—Vol. XVIII.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

Amusements

EMPIRE. "OH INDEED!" NEW REVUE.
MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER.
BELLE OF THE BALL. TOPSY SINDEN, FRED FARREN, etc.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.0. Manager, Mr. H. J. HITCHINS.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"The House of the Lost Court." By Marchioness d'Alpens. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"His Final Flutter." By Henry Potts. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)
"The Pearl of Pearl Island." By John Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"A Handy Guide for Income Tax Payers." (Pearson: 1*s.* net.)
"The Millionaire Girl." By Rita. (Nash: 6*s.*)
"Deep Moat Grange." By S. R. Crockett. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"The Comedy of Mammon." By Ina Garvey. (Grant Richards: 6*s.*)
"The Pianolist." By Gustav Kobbé. (Appleton: 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)
"Lays of Hellas." By C. A. Kelly. (Kegan, Paul: 3*s.* 6*d.*)
"The Coward Behind the Curtain." By Richard Marsh. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"Jimmy Bulstrode." By Marie Van Vorst. (Methuen: 6*s.*)
"The Roman Empire." By H. Stuart Jones, M.A. (Fisher Unwin: 5*s.*)
"Paradise Court." By J. S. Fletcher. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s.*)
"The Thief on the Cross." By Mrs. Harold Gorst. (Nash: 6*s.*)
"An Engagement of Convenience." By Louis Zangwill. (Brown, Langham: 6*s.*)
"Follow Up." By Archibald D. Fox. (Brown, Langham: 6*s.*)
"Beau Brummell and His Times." By Roger Boutet de Monvel. (Nash: 10*s.* net.)
"The Fifth Queen Crowned." By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Nash: 6*s.*)
"The Crimes of Ali Pasha and Others." By Alexandre Dumas. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES, care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

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SHEPHERD'S BUSH.
MAY to OCTOBER.

THE GREATEST EXHIBITION EVER HELD IN LONDON,
DEMONSTRATING TO THE WORLD
THE PRODUCTS AND RESOURCES
of the BRITISH EMPIRE
and of FRANCE AND HER COLONIES.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING HAS EXPRESSED HIS WARM APPROVAL OF THE EXHIBITION.

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16 acres Buildings
International Exhibition, London, 1862 ..... 23½ acres
16¾ acres Buildings
FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION, 1908 ..... 140 acres
Over 40 acres Buildings

Four of the best British and French Military Bands will perform daily.
The MOST NOVEL and REFINED ATTRACTIONS ever presented in London will be placed in the Pleasure Gardens of the Exhibition.

SEASON TICKETS { For Ladies or Gentlemen, £1 1*s.* each. For Children under 12, 10*s.* 6*d.* each.

Now on sale at all the principal agencies and libraries.
These tickets will also admit on the Opening Day of the Exhibition and to the Dedication of the Stadium.

THE GARDEN CLUB
in the Central Gardens.
Ladies as well as Gentlemen are Eligible for Membership.
Subscription: Gentlemen, £3 3*s.*; Ladies, £2 2*s.*
Membership of this Club includes admission to the Exhibition.

The ALLOTMENT of EXHIBIT SPACE in the various Exhibition Halls is now approaching completion.
CONCESSIONS for the ERECTION of PAVILIONS in the various Gardens of the Exhibition for the Sale of Confectionery, Cigars, Cigarettes, and Tobacco, and numerous other concessions are now being concluded.
Exhibitors and concessionnaires desirous of securing the remaining available space should apply immediately to the Secretary.
EXCURSIONS from all parts of the UNITED KINGDOM and the CONTINENT are now being arranged.
Educational, Scientific, and other CONGRESSES and CONFERENCES will be held in the Congress Halls.
Full particulars on application to the Secretary, 56, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES,
in which 22 Nations compete, will take place in the Great Stadium, capable of holding over 100,000 people.

INTERNATIONAL AND NATIONAL SPORTS.
ALL BRITISH OLYMPIC TRIALS.
CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Amateur Athletic Association	Amateur Swimming Association
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Auto-Cycle Union	National Wrestling Association
Amateur Fencing Association	London Private Fire Brigades

National Physical Recreation Society,
Finchley, Polytechnic, Highgate, and Queen's Park Harriers, Essex Beagles, Amateur Swimming Club and Zephyr Swimming Club, &c., &c., Sports Meeting, and many other Meetings, before and after the Olympic Games.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday April 1, 1908

Mr. Gooch, M.P., is, we understand, known by malicious Radical fellow-legislators as the Vat Boy of Peckham.

* * *

A change in the weather. Old inhabitants of London say it reminds them of a season they used to have many years ago, when they were boys—called "Spring."

* * *

In those days young men's fancies used lightly to turn to thoughts of love. There were no Licensing Bills in those days. Peckham was merely Peckham. But the effort would still be possible, we believe, if it were not for those jam-pot hats. Troy would still be standing, if Helen had worn one.

* * *

Curious how men snatch at the shadow and let the bone fall. The metaphor is not a good one. What we mean is, that we would much rather give women votes than jam-pot hats. Perhaps it is a subtle form of revenge?

* * *

So far, the Spring is chiefly remarkable for a joke—emanating from the House of Lords. Intentional jokes very seldom issue from that quarter, or, indeed, from the adjoining one. But we are assured that the Earl of Wemyss' Land and Property Transfer Bill was intended for a joke. At any rate, it was very Wemyssical.

* * *

"He snarled at Mr. Bonar Law, and he snapped at Mr. Lyttelton." How times change. That is the description of Mr. Asquith by a *Standard* reporter. A few years back, if Mr. Asquith had had hydrophobia in the House, the *Standard* would only have announced gravely that the Chancellor had stated his opinions with less than his usual urbanity. Now — well, we all foam now.

* * *

It is feared that the removal of Crosby Hall to Chelsea will prove a bad precedent. Already artists keen on suburban improvement are clamouring for the Albert Memorial to be removed to Tooting.

* * *

Several towns in America were "swept away" by a hurricane last week. This week, no doubt, there will be advertisements in all the leading papers:

Lost—between the hours of 6 and 8 p.m.—the following towns: Jonesville (Pa); Babylon (Ohio); and Liverpool (S.C.), U.S.A. Anyone smartly returning same to Sheriffs will be rewarded. No information accepted after Thursday, as citizens can't wait.

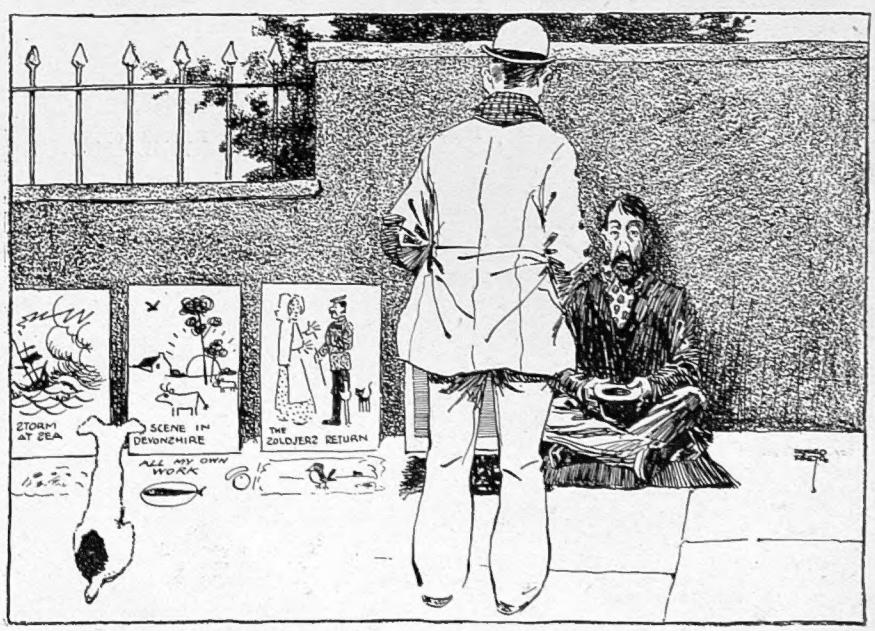
But these flyaway towns must be a nuisance.

* * *

Other American news is that some Washington schoolboys, by an ingenious home-made wire apparatus, have been intercepting official messages on the wires, including the latest news from Admiral Evans. Admiral Evans's messages are apt to be so very bluff that, out of consideration for the lads' feelings, a Bill has been introduced into Congress for the regulation of private wires. At least, we suppose that was the consideration.

* * *

It is believed that, as a concession to past generations of oarsmen, records of previous Oxford and Cambridge races will be allowed to stand, even though—among many of the crews—the consumption of oranges was comparatively small.



"How's business?
"Horful! There's no money in art nowadays"

By Alfred Leete

A Sensational Lincolnshire

Major Edwards, the Well-Known Trainer (centre)

A Beaten Favourite: Mr. L. Robinson's Bellatrix being saddled, and F. Wootton

LEADING IN THE WINNER, KAFFIR CHIEF
The jockey, J. H. Martin, collapsed directly after the weighing-in

W. T. Robinson (Trainer) and S. Gill (Jockey) Watch the Proceedings

Lord Cholmondeley (right) and Mr. Sadler, Senr.

Photos Sport and General

Two events of national importance occurred last Tuesday—the Peckham Election, and the Lincolnshire Meeting, with which the flat racing season was ushered in. The result of the former was hardly a surprise, but a great sensation was caused by the defeat of the favourites for the Lincolnshire Handicap. Bellatrix, Land League, and Rockbourne did not even get placed, and the race was won with comparative ease by Mr. F. S. Barnard's Kaffir Chief. Delightful spring weather favoured the proceedings, and there was a crowded attendance

THE GREAT IRISH CONSPIRACY

NO. III.—THE SCANDAL OF THE CONGESTED DISTRICTS BOARD

The symbol of Irish "tranquillity." A member of the Royal Irish Constabulary

The following is the third of a series of articles, the purpose of which is to lay before the public the true condition of affairs in Ireland, just now the topic of the moment, and to show how a vast and well-organised conspiracy is working for the complete destruction, not only of British rule, but of all recognised authority in that country, and for the establishment of a state of Socialism. Previous articles have dealt with the chief personalities of the movement, and with the United Irish League.

A PROTEST IN PARLIAMENT

In the House of Commons a fortnight ago, on the vote for the Civil Service and Inland Revenue, Mr. Dillon made a complaint of what he described as "the very serious state of things that had arisen in Ireland." It was not the campaign of boycotting and cattle-driving, intimidation and outrage, which troubled him. His grievance was the fact that the Treasury had refused to provide additional funds for the Congested Districts Board to prepare estates for re-sale, and thus brought the operations of the Board to a standstill. The Board, said Mr. Dillon, had "turned centres of disturbance and outrage into peaceful centres of industry and progress," and pending the report of the Dudley Commission the Government should bring in a supplementary estimate. About £130,000 was wanted, and unless the Board got more money within the next two months it would have to dismiss all its 3,000 labourers. To stop the work was "an act of political insanity." Mr. Redmond followed with the menace that "if the Treasury did not provide the money they would have open war before they knew where they were." Mr. Birrell, however, declined to grant the extra supplies, whereupon another Nationalist M.P., Mr. Hayden, said that the Chief Secretary's reply "lacked courage," and would "bring despair to the people of the West of Ireland, and compel them again to take the law into their own hands."

THE BIRTH OF THE BOARD

This Board, whose affairs were the means of bringing down upon Mr. Birrell's head such an avalanche of criticism and threats from his Irish "allies," plays an important part in the government of Ireland, so far as it can be said to be governed, and a brief account of its work and aims will help to throw yet another light upon the strange and sinister drama that is now being enacted in that country. The Board was formed less than twenty years ago, and the actual founder was Mr. Balfour. But the idea, as Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell points out in his most able and striking book, "Paraguay on Shannon," had its real origin earlier, under the Gladstone Ministry. On a Bill for granting transport facilities in Ireland, Mr. Parnell moved an amendment, which was accepted by the Government, to devote part of the funds to the provision of land for the distressed peasantry. The result was the purchase of the Bodkin estate, which proved a complete failure. Mr. Balfour's scheme (put forward when he was Chief Secretary) also started with the provision of better transport for the West, and this became enlarged into a more extensive plan for relieving distress by the encouragement of agriculture and industries, especially fisheries. In 1894 a new element was added to the Board by Mr. John Morley, then Chief Secretary, in the introduction to its membership of Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, and Father O'Hara, a Mayo priest, and from this time forward one of the most notable features of the Board's work has been that of the purchase and re-distribution of land, on which it has spent since 1903 alone over a million and a half of public money. Very large sums pass through the hands of this body, and, according to the official returns for the year ended March 31, 1907, the receipts for that year are set down at £350,499, and the expenditure at a total falling short of that amount by £8,918. A sum of over £30,000 yearly is spent in salaries for employees of the Board.

WHAT IS "CONGESTION"?

The term "congested" is difficult to understand, in fact, misleading. The evil which the Board was formed to relieve was not that of congestion, but that of unemployment. There is no real congestion in Ireland, except in the big cities, which are not included in the "congested" districts. The districts in question are, on the contrary, among those which have come least under the influences of commercial development and modern civilisation—such as Donegal, Sligo, Kerry, Mayo, and Galway. Over these parts of the country the Board works through the agency of parish committees, some 160 in all, which deal specially with grants of public money for the betterment of the condition of the peasantry. The average number of members in each committee, according to Father O'Hara's evidence before the Commission which is now inquiring into the work of the Board, is twelve. The clergy are members, and as a rule the parish priest is chairman. According to another witness, "in some parishes there is no one but the parish priest." And the Rector of Maghery, Co. Donegal, stated that "the central Board would have no way of getting their information except through the parish committee or the parish priest." In other words, the parish committee and the parish priest have the selection of the channels into which the funds of the Board shall be diverted.

A COMPLETE FAILURE

On what, then, have these funds been expended, and how have the relief of distress and the encouragement of agriculture and industries been carried out? Fishing industries have been started and others subsidised, railways constructed, estates bought and distributed, houses built or repaired. On the immediate economic results of these high-sounding enterprises the verdict is more than a little startling. Lord Dudley, ex-Viceroy, sympathetic Chairman of the Commission of Inquiry, says: "The Congested Districts Board has tried for twenty years to develop new industries, and has failed," while Sir Antony MacDonnell, Permanent Under-Secretary, a no less sympathetic member of both Board and Commission, says the Board "has only touched the fringe of the question." The last official report on the Irish Fisheries shows that, despite the efforts of the Board, there has been a gradual decline in the past ten years in the number of vessels, men, and boys engaged. The valuation of the "congested" districts, on which such sums as already indicated have been spent, has, according to the Board itself, improved by—2 per cent. Meanwhile, the population of these districts has decreased by 8 per cent. Since the Board began its operations, the population of Ireland has fallen three-quarters of a million, half of the decline being in the "congested" districts. According to the report of the Commission, Galway lost in ten years 23,000 of its inhabitants, Mayo 19,000, Kerry and Sligo 14,000, and Donegal 12,000.

AMAZING FINANCE

Some indication of the reason why the Board has so little in the way of improvement to show for its work may be found in one or two typical instances of its dealings. A few years ago the Board bought the Slatefield Farm, Co. Galway, of which Archbishop Healy and one of his priests were trustees, at 36½ years' purchase. This heavy price, offered over the head of the occupying tenant, who had made what Judge Ross described as a most meritorious offer of 23½ years' purchase, was given for very poor and useless land. Soon afterwards we find Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P. (a member of the Board), and another Nationalist Member, complaining in the House of Commons that a landlord had refused to accept from a tenant "a very fair offer"—of 14¾ years' purchase. Another of its remarkable transactions we have already mentioned, in the first of these articles—the sale of Loughglynn House, in Roscommon, to a convent of Belgian nuns for £2,100 after an offer of £11,000 had been made by a private individual. Loughglynn, by the way, is on the Dillon estate, which Mr. Birrell the other day characterised as the Board's "great achievement." Ecclesiastical and conventual establishments would appear to possess special passports to the favour of the Board—witness the purchase of 1,400 acres of land from the Loughrea Convent, Co. Galway, for nearly £22,000, and the grant of nearly £10,000 to the Foxford Convent to start a woollen factory. Such convent industries are assisted and subsidised by the Board all over the districts under its control, and here we may trace one of the reasons of its failure in the direction of industrial development.

SLAVERY OF CONVENT WORK

From first to last, and in every sense of the word, convent industries are unhealthy. They are unhealthy in their system, in the lack of healthy competition, unhealthy, literally, in the conditions they impose on their own workers, and unhealthy for outside workers, in that they undersell these less-favoured rivals. Convent work is often, in fact, very difficult to distinguish from sweating, and its economic peril has been realised by other nations, the agitation in France providing the latest example. But Ireland, under the Board, continues to foster and cherish it. The people employed by such establishments have no hope of advancement, as they would in a business firm. "The wages are not good," says a witness before the Commission, speaking of the Foxford factory. They are not. The girls engaged in lace-making, for instance, earn, after years of apprenticeship, an average of a shilling a day, while the women operatives in the Nottingham lace works get 10d. to 1s. an hour. The occupation is sedentary and unwholesome, and they are very liable to lose their sight. Further, lace-making and embroidery, the favourite convent industries, are useless to peasant girls, who should be learning farm-work and the duties of a housewife. And so far from being an advantage to the district in which they are placed, these convent industries are frequently the cause of grave loss, through their unfair and subsidised competition with local workers in the same business. Nor is there proper public supervision of such places. It is only a short time ago that the Government confirmed the special provision by which convent laundries in Ireland are exempted from the visits of inspectors under the Factory Acts. Another branch of the Board's work is its "home industries" and "cottage industries." A witness before the Commission, who acts as inspector for the Board, stated that in fifty-three classes established by the Board for the production of lace and embroidery (again these useful trades!), the total earnings of 2,000 workers in a year totalled £21,580—or less than 4s. a week for each. In the Board's carpet factories in Donegal, according to another witness, the girls start with 3s. 6d. a week, and do not rise above an average of five or six shillings. And the official report on factories and workshops shows no inspection whatever of home workers in Donegal and other "congested" counties in which the Board runs these home industries.

A DANGEROUS PRINCIPLE

It is, perhaps, not altogether to be wondered at that the Board's "industrial developments" have culminated in the lamentable nothingness attested by Lord Dudley and Sir Antony MacDonnell. As to its agrarian efforts, some instances have already been given which help towards the explanation of how, though two millions have been expended in land-purchase for the settlement of "congested" tenants, the population has continued to fall while the distress shows practically no signs of diminution. And there are other causes. The lesson taught by the Gladstone Land Acts has been well learnt in Ireland. Under these Acts all rents are liable to be lowered if the value of the land has decreased. "The people have been taught," said Professor Campbell in his evidence before the Commission, "that an improvement of the farm may mean increase of rent." And Commissioner Finucane, of the Estates Commission, bore testimony that "the system leads to deterioration of the land, the discouragement of improvements, and to perjury in the courts, and demoralisation of the worst character." With this dangerous principle of deliberate neglect, in order to secure benefits, firmly planted in the minds of the people, is it any wonder if it has been applied to the employment of the benefactions of the Congested Districts Board? The system on which these are bestowed presents every temptation to discourage the improvement of a district, as of a farm, beyond a certain level. For, once that level of prosperity has been passed, the district ceases to be "congested," and, therefore, to profit by the Government funds administered through the Board.

THE SECRET OF THE BOARD

With this record of muddle and failure in the objects for which it nominally exists, how is it that the Congested Districts Board continues firmly rooted and powerful, if not quite so lavishly endowed with spending powers as its Nationalist champions desire it to be? "It is the strong view of the League that the Congested Districts Board should be preserved," said Mr. John Fitzgibbon, delegate from the Central Council of the United Irish League, in his evidence before the Commission. "Take Father Denis O'Hara and the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell," he went on. "These two men in themselves, with the assistance they would get from men in the country, would be able to settle the whole question." There lies the secret. Bishop O'Donnell and Father O'Hara are the nominees on the Board of Mr. John Dillon. The Bishop is treasurer of the Parliamentary Fund of the League, as well as patron of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and the most powerful political cleric in Ireland. Father O'Hara is Mr. Dillon's pillar of strength in Co. Mayo, and the uncompromising foe of all landowners. "The fact of a man becoming a landlord," so he told the Commission, "makes him heartless and unsympathetic." "These two men in themselves," to use Mr. Fitzgibbon's words, have a great deal to do with "settling the whole question" of administering the funds of the Board. Further, the parish priests, who generally dominate the parish committees of the Board, are also leaders of the local branches of the League in the "congested" as in other districts. If the League and the Board have any common field of activity, it would seem that the ground has been prepared in a very remarkable manner for their co-operation.

AIDING THE LAND WAR

And that field is to be found in the land purchasing and distributing work of the Board, which has become its most prominent feature. The Board wants land for its nominees; so does the League. And the Board's parish committeemen, who select the beneficiaries, are all, or nearly all, members of the League as well. Before the Board can carry through the purchase of an estate, its agents must consult with the officials of the League, who have their say in little details of price and so on. That they are satisfied with the co-operation of the Board may be gathered from the words of their delegate, quoted above. It is not altogether surprising, perhaps, that the Board should be looked upon by landowners with deep suspicion. "In no instance," said a land agent before the Dudley Commission, "should the fixing of the price of estates be left in the hands either of the Estates Commissioners or of the Congested Districts Board." Their uneasiness has not been lessened by the suggestions for compulsory powers of acquisition which have been put forward on behalf of the Board. Mr. Micks, former secretary of the Board declared before the Commission of Inquiry, "I would give the Board power to declare any place congested, all over Ireland. The Board requires compulsory powers." Father O'Hara insists on compulsory purchase, even where the landlord must lose money by it. Such advocacy of compulsion has helped to foment agitation among a people always quick to seize upon a hint of that character. Only recently there was an example of this logic of violence, which we quote from the "Freeman's Journal" of March 18:

> "On Tuesday night, the 10th inst., a cattle-drive on an extensive scale took place on the Cloonmore farm at Carracastle, County Mayo. The drive was the direct result of the refusal of the Congested Districts Board to buy the Cloonmore estate on the plea of want of funds. When the people learned from the Chief Secretary's answers to Mr. Dillon in the House of Commons a few days ago that the Congested Districts Board had funds for the purchase of farms and estates in County Roscommon and elsewhere where cattle-driving was vigorously practised they gathered in hundreds, and, despite the vigilance of the Royal Irish Constabulary, succeeded in clearing out the farm, even to the last hoof. On Wednesday the process-server, with a batch of over fifty processes, was chased off the estate, which process was repeated again on Thursday, and altogether a spirit of unrest and excitement prevails."

SOCIALISM RUN RAMPANT

The Board is, in fact, a very potent weapon of the agitators who are now engineering the Great Irish Conspiracy. It works, or is worked, as an ally of the League, and the Government funds, backed by Government authority, are being used to wage the war against the landowners, which is subverting all law and order in Ireland. In the very districts in which hundreds of thousands of pounds are expended in doles which pauperise without advancing the peasantry, education and sanitation are almost a dead letter. Government inspectors of the industrial schools say: "The children are untaught, ill-fed, filthy." Both in its help towards the expropriation of the landlords, and in its reckless pauperisation of the peasant, the Board is acting as a most important instrument of the Socialism which is the real aim of the directors of the Conspiracy. The Board in its workings is, in fact, a sort of caricature, an exemplar and a warning, of the Radical-Socialist unemployment scheme recently rejected by the House of Commons. And in closest touch with it, through its two priestly members, are the United Irish League and the Ancient Order of Hibernians—the two greatest among the organisations which are working under the politician and the priest for Separation and Socialism.

WHITEWASHING THE SEPULCHRE

There is now sitting, to inquire into the workings of the Congested Districts Board, a Royal Commission, of which Lord Dudley is chairman. That this inquiry, however, will expose or censure the misuse of the taxpayers' money is not for a moment to be expected. There are two members of the Board upon the very Commission which is inquiring into their own fitness—Bishop O'Donnell and Sir Antony MacDonnell. And a third member of the Commission is the notorious Mr. Conor O'Kelly, M.P., the apostle of boycotting, secretary of the Parliamentary party of the League, and one of the Members for Mayo, perhaps the chief centre of the Board's generosity. The witnesses accordingly have been judiciously selected, and comparatively few troublesome revelations have been made. This astounding arrangement is in itself almost sufficient to indicate the intrigues by which Ireland is misruled. Could any other country produce an instance of such monumental dishonesty and corruption of political methods as is displayed in the selection of two of the leading members of a body, whose proceedings are in serious question, to sit—and play a most prominent part—on the Royal Commission which is examining into their own conduct? And though Mr. Conor O'Kelly is not himself a member of the Board, his unfortunate reputation as one of the leading agitators and conspirators in the campaign of disorder makes his appointment to a Royal Commission, under the direct auspices of the Imperial Government, a piece of colossal impudence as well as a grave injustice to the taxpayers whose money has been misspent, in collusion with the United Irish League. When the report of the Commission is issued we may confidently look for a whole-hearted testimony to what Mr. Birrell calls the "good work" of the Board. The Chief Secretary, by the way, is President of the Board, although he was not aware of the fact until informed of it by Mr. Redmond in the House the other day. Does he endorse, it may be asked, all its official, State-aided work on behalf of the conspirators and their policy of Separation and Socialism?

Next week's Article on "The Great Irish Conspiracy" will deal with THE PRIEST IN POLITICS

The Boycott on the Hearth

AN INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON IN LEITRIM

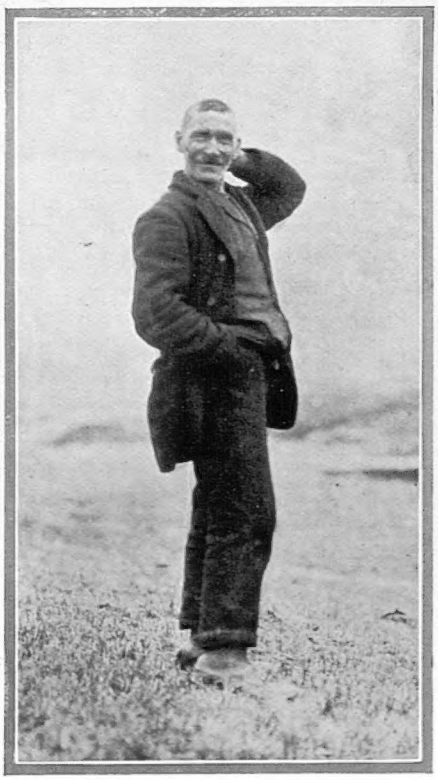
8Pd

Amateur sentries—

Mrs. Flynn, the young wife who is not permitted to see her husband, being carefully guarded by vigilant neighbours

—watching the wife's house

While a strict watch is kept—



Robert Flynn, the young Leitrim farmer who was forcibly separated from his wife by masked men on the day of his wedding, and has not been allowed to see her since

—on the husband's movements

Robert Flynn's Cottage at Ballinagbragh, Co. Leitrim

Mrs. Flynn comes to the door of her father's cottage, in which she is virtually a prisoner

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

That the course of true love is apt to run even less smoothly in Ireland than elsewhere is proved by the actions—reminiscent of those of the United Irish League—of the neighbours of Robert Flynn, a young Leitrim farmer, who, after having courted one girl for some time, changed his mind and eventually married another at the Enniskillen Registry Office, the parish priest having refused to officiate. The same night, however, his house was surrounded, and the bride's father was forced to take his daughter home, masked men preventing Flynn from accompanying them. Since then he and his wife have been kept apart, their respective homes being watched day and night so that they can hold no communication with each other.

Ready for the "Hochs"

Photo *Topical Agency*

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES LEAVING DOVER FOR GERMANY ON WEDNESDAY LAST

Photo Moorish Chiefs coming in to make their Submission to General d'Amade *Polak*

Peckham

Peckham is, naturally, freely attributed to the beer-barrel. No doubt the renewed Radical raid on the "pore man's beer" accounted for a very large proportion of Mr. Gooch's majority. Whether he drinks or not, the foaming pot of beer has a certain symbolical meaning for the working man. It is to him a token of liberty, and any proposal to take it away from him is likely to prove a bad electoral asset for those who threaten it. However, it is hardly fair to acclaim this as purely a "victory of beer." Four or five previous elections in various parts of the country have made it clear enough that the "flowing tide" has decisively set in. Even the most ardent Radical scarcely deluded himself that the overwhelming Tory defeat of two years ago represented the country's settled convictions. The wonder really has been that that tide has been such a long time turning. Among other causes which contributed to the defeat of Mr. Gautrey were, doubtless, the Church and Catholic opposition to Mr. McKenna's Education Bill; the fear of dearer coal as the result of the proposed Miners' Bill; dissatisfaction on the Liberal side with their candidate, whose inability to answer questions, and whose dependence on Dr. Macnamara, excited a good deal of ridicule; and, lastly, no doubt, a veering of working-class opinion on the Tariff Question.

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Broken Promises

I have no pronounced dislike for H.M.'s present Ministers, who are, on the whole, an abler and more experienced body of men than could at the moment be put in the field by their opponents. But there can be no doubt that the country is a good deal dissatisfied with their collective management of affairs. Many promises freely made at the General Election, such as, for instance, the abolition of Chinese "slavery," and the taxation of land values—a policy which attracted numbers of impartial voters—and a host of others, have been unfulfilled. Experiments have been made in legislation without proper consideration of the interests involved—witness the Irish Devolution and Scottish Land Bills—and attempts to pander to the Socialist and Little England elements, have estranged hundreds of moderate Liberal voters.

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Mr. Asquith as a Man

I was not, unfortunately, present, but a participator in the revels tells me that it was really a most exciting dinner-party which took place at St. James's Lodge, the residence of Mr. Henry Cust, the other night. The dinner was for men only, and right in the middle of the proceedings it was discovered that the drawing-room was on fire. No fewer than six engines very shortly arrived on the scene, and in a few minutes dispersed the flames, but the remainder of the dinner was consumed under difficulties, the water, which had been, as usual, lavishly dispensed in the drawing-room, pouring through the ceiling into the dining-room on to the heads of the diners. Mr. Balfour called for a bath-towel, and tied it round his neck, and Mr. Asquith did the same, for though of the severe rather than the genial variety, the acting Premier is not, at moments of extreme inspiration, free from happy impulses. On the contrary, indeed— as a distinguished lady discovered to her surprise at another recent dinner-party—the Chancellor of the Exchequer is, at times, most delightfully daring in his gallantry, and acts with a naïvely delicious disregard of such possible punishments as black looks, crimson cheeks, and astonished audiences.

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The New Duke of Devonshire

Socially, the death of the eighth Duke of Devonshire marks an epoch. Though for many years the late Duke took little or no part in the lavish hospitality dispensed at Chatsworth and in London by his German Duchess, his death, nevertheless, sounded the knell of that reign of almost regal splendour which for so long distinguished his house. The new Duke, who keeps his fortieth birthday next month,

Photo **The Acting Premier—Mr. Asquith** [*Haines*

He introduced the Licensing Bill. He will soon be introducing the Budget. He is a very, very busy man—so busy, in fact, that when motoring in London he says "Bother the speed-limit!" (He was also heard after the Peckham Election to say something of the same sort, but a little stronger, about the Time-Limit)

Women in the Social Eye

Photo *Beresford*

The Hon. Delia Spencer

(Daughter of Lord Althorp, the Lord Chamberlain), a débutante of the season

though always very popular in the House of Commons, of which for some time he was the youngest member, takes not the faintest interest in social affairs, and neither he nor his wife would dream of giving entertainments on the same scale as those given by the Dowager Duchess. Politics constitute the Duke's only hobby, and even those to no great extent. Neither hunting, racing, nor shooting, appeal to him as they did to the late Duke, his uncle. The new Duchess, too, has been born and bred in an atmosphere rather of high politics than of social amusements. Her Grace reserves to herself, in full measure, that note of simple and stately exclusiveness which is so distinctive a feature of the noble house of Fitzmaurice. It is not improbable that, under the new *régime*, Chatsworth will be closed to the public as Bowood has always been, and it is quite within the realms of possibility that in a short time Devonshire House will be demolished. The new heir to the Dukedom is the Duke's son, Edward William Spencer, now at Eton, and aged thirteen. It has amused me very considerably, by the way, to notice the number of ponderous daily contemporaries who have erroneously referred to the new Duke as "the Hon. Victor Cavendish." He bore, of course, no such title, not having been the son of a peer. He is, however, a "Right Hon." by virtue of the Privy Councillorship conferred on him by the late Government.

A Political Hostess

Lady Beauchamp, who has so valiantly and brilliantly entertained for Sir H. "C.-B." ever since Parliament opened, is a sister of the Duke of Westminster, and as such finds herself in rather an unaccustomed vogue as a shepherdess of the Liberal flocks. However, in social, intellectual, and religious matters she resembles her husband far more than the Grosvenors, for she is inclined to take a serious view of life, and Lord Beauchamp has strong religious leanings, at one time having seriously contemplated entering the Church. Lord Beauchamp, indeed, is nothing if not zealous. He was zealous at Oxford, where it was prophesied that he would go far. He was a zealous Conservative as he is now a zealous Liberal. And his zeal as Governor of New South Wales, especially where his endeavour to keep his "Court" exclusive was concerned, did not entirely make for unqualified success. He is rich and good-looking, and still well on the sunny side of forty, and his marriage to Lady Lettice Grosvenor very considerably increased his family influence. Madresfield, the family seat on the Malvern Hills, is one of the most beautiful of English country seats. Lord Beauchamp's name, by the way, has been mentioned as a possible successor to Lord Selborne in South Africa. It is said that Lady Beauchamp, at any rate, would not in the least object to the appointment, being just a little weary of providing liberal entertainments for Liberal ladies of little liberality.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Liberal Hostess-in-Chief

Lady Beauchamp, who has been entertaining on behalf of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. Rumour designates Earl Beauchamp for a very important Colonial Governorship in the near future

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A New Photograph of Lady Exeter

It is not often that the Marchioness of Exeter is either seen in Town or has a new photograph taken. It is, therefore, with a double sense of pleasure that we are enabled to publish quite a new photograph of her ladyship in this number of THE BYSTANDER. As is their usual custom, Lord and Lady Exeter have been entertaining a big party at Burghley House for the Point-to-Point Hunt Steeplechases at Tinnell. Burghley House is a perfect museum of treasures new and old. Last year Queen Alexandra took the Empress Marie down there to inspect what is, perhaps, next to Hatfield, the most interesting historic seat in the Kingdom, and Lord and Lady Exeter, though they possess a fine Town house in Apsley Gardens, always find more than enough to keep them in the country.

Photo *Lallie Charles*

The Marchioness of Exeter

A new portrait of a pretty and popular hostess (at Burghley House and Apsley Gardens)

The Devonshire Succession

THEIR NEW GRACES AND THEIR HEIR-APPARENT

Photo *K. Pragnell*

The New Duchess of Devonshire

Formerly Lady Evelyn Cavendish (*née* Fitzmaurice), a daughter of Lord Lansdowne

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The New Duke of Devonshire and his Eldest Son, the Marquis of Hartington

From plain "Mr." to "Duke" is a big jump, yet it has been enacted in the case of the new Duke of Devonshire, as in that of many other living Dukes, including their Graces of Portland and Hamilton, who were both previously "Mr." However, the new Duke of Devonshire (formerly Mr. Victor Cavendish) enjoyed the rank of "Right Hon." He is forty years of age, and inherits many of his distinguished uncle's salient characteristics, particularly a somewhat somnolent interest in politics. He was M.P. for West Derbyshire

Queen and Heir-Apparent—A New Photograph

The Scandinavian Tour

The Mediterranean cruise having, for reasons of high politics, been abandoned, the King, according to present arrangements, will remain at Biarritz for another fortnight. He will leave on Maundy Thursday and join the Queen in Paris, whence, together, their Majesties will proceed to Norway, the journey to and from Copenhagen being made overland. This Scandinavian tour has been rather hastily decided upon, and is being undertaken as a precautionary rather than an actually necessary measure. England is on the best of terms with Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Nevertheless, no harm will be done by a little judicious "cementing" of the friendship.

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The King Abroad

"I literally ran against 'His Gracious' to-day," writes my representative at Biarritz, "or, rather, he against me. I was leaning over a wall, and he passed so close that I thought someone was picking my pocket. The King was almost alone and quite unrecognised, and I had only just time to jump up and 'cap' him. He was walking very vigorously, and looked quite cheery." That delightful pastime known in the vernacular as "slacking" is never a characteristic of life as lived at Biarritz. This year, the weather having been of that bright, but healthy description know as "exhilarating," it has been altogether impossible. The Royal and ancient game of golf has, therefore, more than ever firmly fixed itself in fickle fashion's favour. The King goes to the Golf Club every afternoon at the conclusion of his motor drive, and, after walking round the links, accompanied very often by that delightful Transatlantic talker, Mrs. Harold Baring, drinks tea in the club-house, and sometimes plays a game of croquet. A good deal of money changes hands on this most exclusive of courses. Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses, Royal, Serene, and other Highnesses, are as plentiful as flowers in May. The temptation to have a "little on" is imperative, and, restraint being quite unnecessary, no restraint is required. I must not leave the Spanish frontier without a gentle reminder to my readers to look out for a happy event quite shortly in the far-away capital of that country, and am publishing above the latest portrait of the Queen and her bonny first-born.

Photo "*Nuevo Mundo*"

H.M. THE QUEEN OF SPAIN WITH THE INFANT PRINCE OF ASTURIAS

Court circles are, at present, awaiting another happy Royal domestic event. Meanwhile, this photograph of the Queen with the little Prince is interesting

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In Italy

Lord and Lady Salisbury are of those who have gone abroad to avoid the Arctic rigours of an English Spring. Lord Salisbury, never very strong, has been considerably weakened by repeated attacks of the fell fiend influenza, and he has, therefore, taken a villa outside Florence, and will reside there with his family until well into May. The Marquis of Salisbury, I am pleased to be able to announce, has given me permission to include the interior of Hatfield House in a series of pictures of historic English homes shortly to be published in THE BYSTANDER. As permission to photograph the interior of this wonderful old house has never before been granted to any paper, I think the results will probably prove of great interest to my readers.

A Shikari Chez-Elle

Photo *Lallie Charles*

LADY GRIZEL HAMILTON AT HOME

A study of the intrepid lady hunter of big game, who has recently returned from a tour in East African wilds

Happy Japs in London

Photo *Knights-Whittome*

An Anglo-Spanish Grandee

The Duke of Wellington, who has lately been visiting the Spanish Court, where he is a Grandee of the First Class and Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo

Salome and Royalty

Having read with restrained rapture that Archdeacon Sinclair and Miss Maud Allan, the *intriguante* Salome of the Palace, had been having tea and confidences together at the Chapter House of St. Paul's, and also that no fewer than thirty-six "Society ladies" had written Miss Allan asking for patterns of her jewelled evening blouse as illustrated in a recent number of THE BYSTANDER, I determined therefore that it was really high time I went to see the lady myself. I went, rather late in the evening of Saturday before last, and immediately found myself in good company, for opposite me in a box were the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Victoria. They had arrived early, I believe, and stayed late, I know, and were doubtless reminded, as I was during the wondrous Salome dance, of that little remark which had so great a vogue during the Farm Street "Smart Set" sermons. "What would you like me to give you?" asked an Illustrious Personage at a dinner-party to the lady on his right. "Father Bernard Vaughan's head on a charger," came the reply, very "pat" indeed.

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The Prince of Wales and His Speeches

I understand, by the way, that when the Prince of Wales goes to Canada in June he will be accompanied neither by the Princess nor by his faithful Equerry, Commander Sir Charles Cust. The question naturally arises, who will write his speeches? It has been said from time immemorial that either the Princess or her secretary, Mr. "Alec" Hood (opinions are divided as to which it really is), concoct the clever speeches which his Royal Highness delivers from time to time. I hope I am revealing no State secrets if I say that on the occasion of the Royal visit to Quebec the speeches will be written by the Prince of Wales himself—as, in actual fact, they always are.

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Royal Visitors

The Queen of the Netherlands and Prince Henry, and President Fallières, are the most interesting of the visitors to be received at Buckingham Palace this Spring. President Fallières comes in May, on the occasion of the opening of the Franco-British Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush, and the Queen of Holland pays her official visit in June. The question of the Dutch succession, by the way, is one which must very soon be decided. There is less likelihood than ever of a son being born to Queen Wilhelmina, and though every Dutchman loathes the Germans, it looks as if in the end a German Prince will rule them. The lawful heir is the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, but he has no wish to give up his Duchy to reign in Holland, and so has sold all his private property in the Hague to Mr. Carnegie for his contemplated Palace of Peace. The next heirs, the Reuss Princes, are almost as unpopular in Holland as the Prince Consort himself, and the Prince zu Wied, a first cousin of the Queen, is, therefore, left as the only likely candidate. By the way, talking of heirs, there are, I am told, great hopes in Arundel that a son may be born at the Castle.

Photo **Japan in London** *Hamilton*

Prince Kuni, our Imperial guest, with the Ambassador's wife, attended by the Secretaries and Attachés of the Embassy, at Grosvenor Gardens

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An Anglo-Spanish Grandee

The Duke and Duchess of Wellington, who have been visiting Madrid, were received by King Alfonso and Queen Victoria. They return to England next week, and will reside, until they come to London for the season, at Ewhurst Park. The Duke is a Spanish Grandee of the First Class, and also Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, both honours having been granted to his illustrious ancestor in the Napoleonic wars. He has great estates near Granada, but they all want money spent on them, and with that commodity, it is common knowledge, the Duke is by no means overburdened. The pension granted to the first Duke was only to himself and to his two immediate successors, and the present Duke has been trying for a long time, without success, to let Stratfieldsaye, his magnificent but rather barrack-like Hampshire seat.

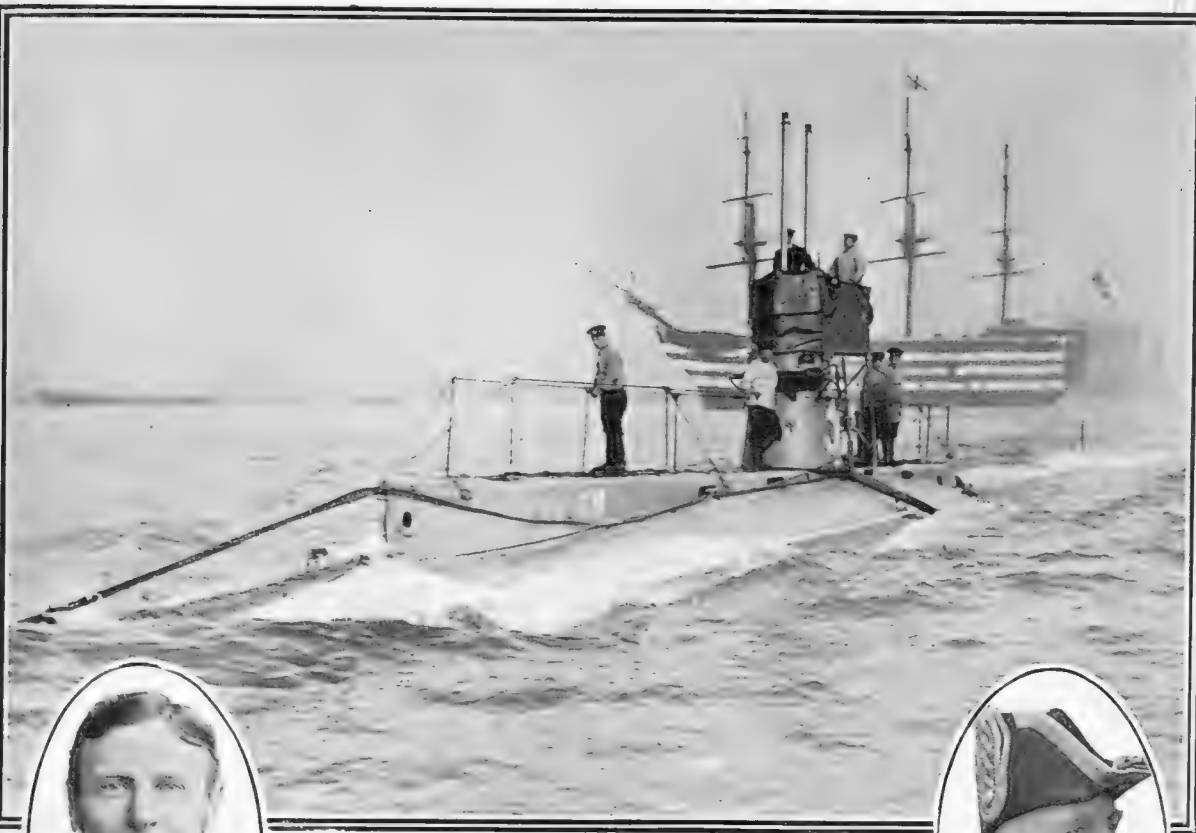
Photo *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

A Pretty and Popular Pianist

Miss Irene Scharrer, now appearing at various London concerts

Portsmouth's New "C-in-C"

NELSON'S FAMOUS "VICTORY" SALUTES ADMIRAL FANSHAWE



"The Old Order Changeth": The new Submarine C 10 passing the famous old "Victory"

Photos

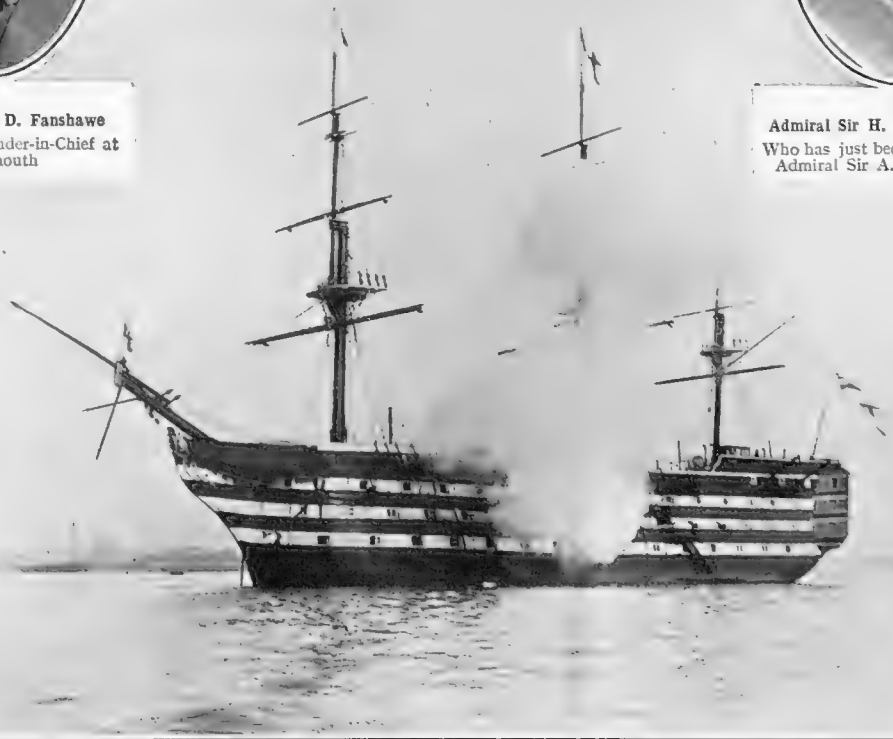
Admiral Sir A. D. Fanshawe

The new Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth

Heath

Admiral Sir H. Day Bosanquet

Who has just been succeeded by Admiral Sir A. D. Fanshawe



Photos *Cribb*

H.M.S. "Victory" Saluting the New Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth (the Admiral's flag is in the centre)

On Monday week, Admiral Sir A. D. Fanshawe took up his new position as Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth in succession to Admiral Sir H. Day Bosanquet, his flag being hoisted on H.M.S. *Essex*. An unusual feature in connection with the change of Admirals was the salute of seventeen guns from the *Victory*, Admiral Bosanquet's flagship, as the new Commander is a few months the late "C-in-C's" senior. It is practically unprecedented for a retiring officer to be succeeded by his senior, and a salute of this nature is therefore a rare occurrence

Real Tragedy at "the Lane"

The Fire at "The Lane": All that remained of the Stage

A serious fire broke out last Wednesday at Drury Lane Theatre, but, luckily, smart action on the part of the firemen prevented it reaching the auditorium

A Country-Loving Duke

The Duke and Duchess of Wellington are almost unknown in the world which entertains. Their income is scarcely comformable with ducal entertainments, and they are only very seldom in residence at Apsley House, their famous, but grimy, residence, which was once dubbed No. 1, London. The place is so badly in need of a coat of paint that it should be taken as good news by the "man-in-the-street" that the Duke's second son, Lord Richard Wellesley, is engaged to be married to the wealthy grand-daughter of the late Mr. Bischoffsheim. This young lady will, I believe, inherit an income running into some five figures a year. Let us hope some of this may be spent on paint. Neither the Duke nor the Duchess of Wellington find it any hardship to be deprived of the pleasures of London life. The Duke is chiefly interested in field sports, a country life, and target shooting. The Duchess, tall and dignified, is very intellectual, and rather grave than gay.

* * *

A 'Varsity Week

An air of irresponsible frivolity pervades the restaurants, music-halls, and other places where they sing this week. It is difficult to dine or sup anywhere, or to visit Daly's or the Gaiety, without becoming aware of it, for a large contingent of undergraduates from Oxford and Cambridge are, so to speak, making a week of it. The interval of one week, which this year has separated the 'Varsity Sports at Queen's from the Boat Race, is a very welcome one for the undergraduate. It enables him to recover, not only his enthusiasms, but also his thirst, and, in addition, gives him several nights at the Empire instead of only one.

* * *

Motors and the Undergraduate

Those "men," by the way, who possess motor-cars are having it all their own way in the world of gallantry just now. A smartly caparisoned Daimler, or a big speed Mercédès, is the Open Sesame to the prettiest musical-comedy lady's heart. Disguised in motoring attire, the plainest of swains stands equal with Adonis in the field. The only trouble is that cars, even the best of them, will break down at times, and always in the most inaccessible of spots. I am told that the temper of the lady when she discovers that she'll be late at "her shop" is better imagined than described. In fact, quite a number of peer and stage romances have begun—and sometimes ended—in this sad way.

* * *

"The Great Irish Conspiracy"

As it is, perhaps, hardly necessary to state, our articles on "The Great Irish Conspiracy" have brought upon us a positive tornado of abuse from the Nationalist Press in Ireland. Epithets are applied with truly Hibernian generosity, but such denials as are vouchsafed to our statements are, as a rule, so entirely lacking in proof, as well as being of anonymous origin, that it is not necessary for me to trouble myself to contest them. If my readers care to challenge the authenticity of the statements made by citation of definite facts, I shall, of course, be most happy to meet them.

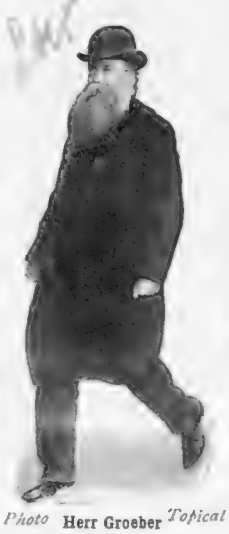


Photo **Herr Groeber** *Topical*

Whose remarks in the Reichstag regarding the members of the Press Gallery provoked the journalistic strike in Berlin

Photos] **The Only "Playing" to be Seen at Drury Lane Last Week** *[Graphic Photo Union*

A Boadicea of Politics

STUDY AT A SPECIAL SITTING BY R. G. MATHEWS

MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST, THE LEADER OF THE FIGHT FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE

This sketch was made by the well-known Canadian impressionist artist, Mr. R. G. Mathews, at a fifteen-minute sitting granted to him by Miss Pankhurst while she was in the throes of preparing for her great meeting at Sheffield, immediately after the Peckham election, in which she played so conspicuous a part. One hundred framed artist's proofs (autographed), twice the size of the above, are obtainable from the Graphic Fine Art Gallery, 190, Strand, at half a guinea each

Miss Christabel Pankhurst: A Fascinating Suffragette

It has been recently remarked in THE BYSTANDER that the public opinion of woman, created by woman, is always in the end singularly effective. If this be true, then public opinion of the Suffragettes, as created by Miss Christabel Pankhurst, must be singularly happy, for Miss Pankhurst, the shining light of the Woman Suffrage movement, is popular even with her bitterest opponents, and irretrievably pretty, in spite of an undeniably active mind and brain. Orator, organiser, logician, and "martyr," Miss Christabel chiefly fascinates by a clever combination in one small body of all the wiles of woman with some of the mind of man

THE PLAYHOUSES

By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

Mr. W. H. Berry

Who is now playing in *The Merry Widow* at Daly's

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE

"Le Grand-Guignol"

One of my few ambitions is to murder an advance paragraphist. This passion is purely altruistic. The purveyor of theatrical intelligence in advance—this overbearing prophet who says that the public will be amused by one play, edified by another play, shocked and thrilled by a third—does not disturb my peace of mind. For there is an instinct which prompts me to skip any theatrical paragraph which is likely to rob me of the pleasure of hearing, seeing, and judging for myself. In fact, so much am I a crank upon the subject, that frequently at the theatre it is my good fortune to find that the programme is a news-sheet. It tells me what I but vaguely knew before—the name and author of the play and the members of the cast.

I crave the blood of the advance paragraphist for blunting the fine edge, not of my perception, but of others'. If *Le Grand-Guignol* had not been rammed down the throats of the public, these clever players would have met with a better reception. If, instead of being trumpeted into, they had been smuggled into the Shaftesbury Theatre, their gruesome little plays might have made the flesh of the audience creep. That they failed, in a measure, is due, I feel sure, to the fact that their audience was gorged with anticipation.

Surprise is one of the strongest contributory causes of success in the theatre. The advance paragraphist goes his way blatantly extracting the rare essence of surprise from every dish arranged for the fastidious palate of the public.

The management after the first night wisely altered the order of the playlets so as to make *Les Nuits du Hampton Club* a "star" turn. Stevenson's hair-raising story of the Suicide Club has been well dramatised, and every ounce of thrill is extracted from it by the French players. The different effects which fear exercises upon the members as they turn the cards upon which their lives hang are most realistically portrayed. One man keeps up a horrible jangling giggle. Another cannot still the twitching of hands and face. Yet another fights and gasps for breath until the shock of turning the card kills him. Horror is piled upon horror until the final scene, where the wretched journalist, his plea that he had joined the club merely to investigate availing him nothing, is left in the darkened room to be driven to madness and suicide by the terrors of apprehended death. The cries of the French actor, M. R. Bussy, "*Au secours! A moi!*" sound the very note of awful despair.

Nor do *L'Angoisse* and *Le Rouge est Mis* fail in their effect. The one is creepy, the other is a powerful satire upon gambling.

Un Peu de Musique was played as a farce, and more than ever am I of the opinion, which I expressed in the notice of the English version, *The Vandyk*, played with such wonderful imagination by Mr. Tree, that it should be played seriously: that the audience should be made to feel the terror which gradually overcomes the little flat-owner as it is borne upon him that his visitor is a madman. This rendering intensifies the great and amusing climax when the supposed madman turns out to be an expert burglar. The play makes an indifferent farce. Two such contrasts in readings of a character as those given by M. R. Bussy and Mr. Tree are not often seen. To say that the English actor outplayed the Frenchman at every point is to put the case mildly.

Photos *Bassano*

"Peter Pan" for Paris?

Miss Pauline Chase is shortly to appear in Paris in *A Little Japanese Girl*, and it is said that Mr. Frohman is doing his best to engage a Paris theatre for the production of *Peter Pan*, with Miss Chase in the title-rôle

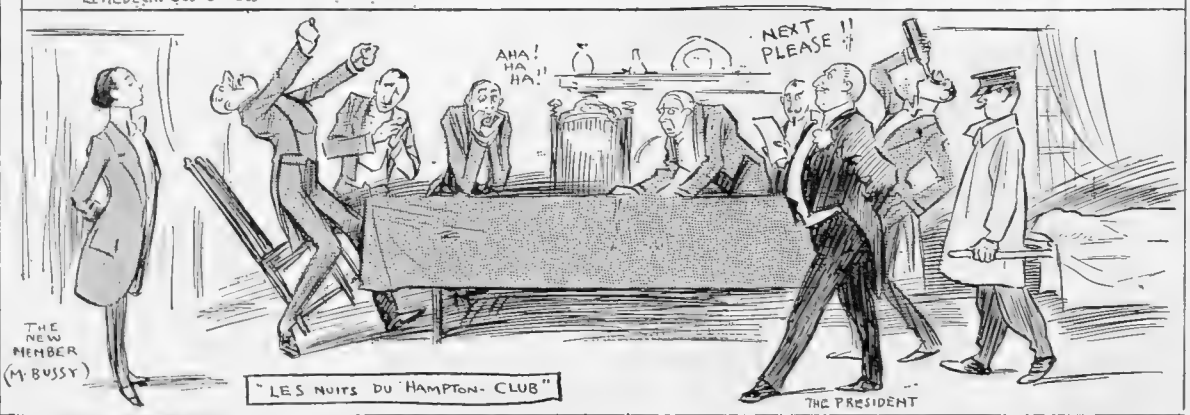
AT THE "SHAFTESBURY" "Grand-Guignol DE PARIS"

IN A LARGE REPERTOIRE OF SMALL PLAYS

"UN PEU DE MUSIQUE"

M.M. BOULLE AS "LE MÉDECIN DES COURSES"

"LE ROUGE EST MIS"



THE NEW MEMBER (M. BUSSY)

"LES NUITS DU HAMPTON-CLUB"

THE PRESIDENT

MDLLE JANE MERYEM AS "ELISE"

"L'ANGOISSE"

SHOCKING DISCOVERY IN A SCULPTORS STUDIO!!

"A "WAIST" MOULD"!!

MDLLE Jeanne BERNOU "ROSALIE" M. BERTRAND AS "MONSIEUR BOL"

MDLLE BARCKLAY

SKETCHED AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, MR. NORMAN MORROW

THE PLAYHOUSE

"Marjory Strode"

Mr. A. E. W. Mason, if he wishes to become a successful dramatist in these days, must learn to shake off the literary habit. I can imagine Mr. Henry Arthur Jones saying "Bosh!" with fine scorn should he chance to read this statement. But even Mr. Jones would find it difficult to follow up the expletive with examples of plays that have survived the century mark, and that at the same time are an addition to the literature of the day. It is true Mr. Shaw's plays make good reading. But their fitness for the study is due partly to occasional defective interpretations of the players (some scenes are better imagined than actually seen), partly to the rapier play of Mr. Shaw's characters in argument. So closely packed is the reasoning that to miss a point is as disastrous as dropping a stitch. We want to go back and take it up. Off hand, I can quote *The Virgin Goddess* and *The Prayer of the Sword* as plays we might expect to see upon the shelves of a bookman. But recent examples are not numerous.

Literary instincts are, as a general rule, opposed to dramatic instincts, and as the writer who can harbour them both together in his mind is a genius, and so does not enter into the argument, it comes to pass that only by starving the one instinct is the average clever writer able to foster and cherish the other.

I do not care one jot for the statement that *Marjory Strode* has not appeared in book form. The play has all the defects of a novel dramatised with little skill. The author continually rambles in telling the love story of Marjory Strode and the French prisoner, Jean, Vicomte de Selac. And rambling is fatal to playwriting. Chances there are a-plenty for creating the "dramatic situations" so essential to a play. Mr. Mason misses every one of them.

In the attempted flight of Jean and Marjory there are all the materials for an exciting and stirring scene: hurried comings and goings, whispered consultations, a signal through the window, feigned slumber, sudden darkness, a shot in the garden. The author handles his tools with such little ability as to make the scene no more dramatic than a game of blind man's buff.

Mr. Cyril Maude and Mr. Alfred Bishop brought out the comedy points of the two old brothers Strode. Mr. Henry Ainley, with a very creditable broken English accent, a good make-up, and his accustomed ability to seize both the picturesque and the pathetic side of a character, was a tower of strength to the cast.

E. C. S.

Photo *Weston*

Welcome Back!

Miss Dagmar Wiehe, after a long absence from the stage through illness, made her reappearance last Thursday with Mr. Charles Hawtrey in *Jack Straw* at the Vaudeville. It will be remembered that she made a great hit in the revival of *The Man from Blankley's*

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Popular Revival of "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyceum: The Great Fight between Romeo (Mr. Matheson Lang) and Tybalt (Mr. H. Hobbes)

Success of the most encouraging kind has greeted Messrs. Smith and Carpenter's production of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum "at popular prices." They have hit the popular fancy, and their audiences not only include the genuine Shakespeare student, but many who have never seen, and certainly never read, any of his plays. Nothing but praise can be given to Mr. Matheson Lang's Romeo and Miss Nora Kerin's Juliet

The Inter-'Varsity Sports

CAMBRIDGE WINS BY SIX EVENTS TO FOUR AT QUEEN'S CLUB

E. H. Ryle Wins the Quarter-Mile

Ryle, the Cambridge President, and son of the Bishop of Winchester, gained an easy win over C. M. Chavasse, the son of the Bishop of Liverpool, who won the race last year

The First Lap in the Mile

This event was won after a very hard race by S. P. L. Lloyd (St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, and Magdalen, Oxford)

Photo Sport and General

Prince Albert of Wales says "Good-bye"

The picture shows him taking leave of Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice

Photos

Cambridge Winning the High Jump

A. C. B. Bellerby (St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, and Emmanuel) wins the high jump, 5 ft. 8 in. Two men from this school competed in the event

Halftones, Ltd.

Over the Hurdles: Won by K. G. Powell, Cambridge (in the centre)

Powell is also well known as a lawn-tennis player

By Field, Stream, and Covert

The Close of the Season

"I know no more melancholic ceremony than takin' the string out of one's hat at the end of a season."—JORROCKS

By SNAFFLES

Fox-hunting's Last Month

The hunting season is now rapidly drawing to a close in the Midlands and elsewhere, though with Easter falling late an effort is being made to prolong sport until the third week of the month. It all rests upon the requirements of the farmers. With a few packs the season has been brilliantly successful, and two examples of this may be quoted in Mr. Fernie's Hounds and the Grafton. In each case a "new broom" has brought about a pronounced improvement in sport. Arthur Thatcher has done splendidly in his first season as huntsman in High Leicestershire, and has appreciably strengthened an already high reputation. Without casting the slightest disparagement upon his brother huntsmen, it may be asserted that Thatcher has fairly won the right to be considered the natural successor of Tom Firr as the head of his profession. Regarding the season with the Grafton, there is nothing but praise and congratulation for Mr. Charles McNeill. Not many men would have cared to attempt to hunt his own hounds in the face of the storm of criticism that had attended the efforts of his predecessor, but Mr. McNeill tackled the situation boldly, and has afforded the highest satisfaction to the followers of the pack.

With the Crack Packs

With the Quorn and Cottesmore the season cannot be described as anything but "just an average one." Unfavourable scenting conditions have badly affected sport, especially in the middle of the season. It is certain that in Captain Frank Forester and the Earl of Lonsdale these packs have two of the best and most popular Masters who ever reigned in the Midlands. Both know pretty well all there is to know about hounds, and Lord Lonsdale, in particular, is a first-class huntsman, as he has shown several times this season when handling hounds in the absence of Sam Gillson. The Belvoir have done tolerably well, and their members are glad to know that Sir Gilbert Greenall is continuing in the leadership for another year. It is now announced that his resignation was sent in on account of that far-reaching Licensing Bill. May his Mastership of the Belvoir be as long as the Government are likely to be in getting their precious scheme through.

A Well-known Sportsman

One of the best amateur huntsmen I have ever seen in the field was Mr. Frederick Swindell, who passed away very suddenly some days ago. So quick and resourceful he was that he challenged comparison with the majority of professionals, and he was passionately devoted to hunting. He inherited a fortune running well into six figures from his father, and in business he was senior director of the Burton Brewery Company. In years to come Mr. Swindell will, perhaps, be best remembered as the central figure of a stormy dispute in the Puckeridge country in the early "nineties." Mr. Gosling had handed over one side of the country to him, and there came a time when the landowners of the other side demanded that the country should be reunited. But this did not conform with

Photo *H. Barrett, Southwell*

With the Cottesmore at Little Dalby

Lady Castlereagh (on right) and Baroness de Forest, two ladies well known in sport and Society

The Point-to-Point Season AND THE MOTOR AT THE MEET

Photo *Sport and General*

At the Oxford v. Cambridge Point-to-Point

Mr. T. E. K. Lees (Oxford) won the Inter-University race, but on the aggregate Cambridge were successful by one point

Photo *H. Barrett, Southwell*

At the Belvoir Hunt Point-to-Point: Mr. E. W. Griffiths (the Starter)

Photo *H. Barrett, Southwell*

A Meet of the Cottesmore at Little Dalby: The Hon. Lancelot Lowther Arrives in his Car

The Hon. Lancelot Lowther, whose likeness to his brother, Lord Lonsdale, will be noticed, is one of the growing army of sportsmen who are also devotees of the car. In the above picture he is just changing his motor coat and cap for the scarlet and silk hat of hunting. The little girl on the pony (on left of picture) is Miss Cobbold, daughter of Lady Evelyn Cobbold

A Sensational Grand National: A Ho

RUBIO RETURNING TO SCALE AFTER WINNING

THE GRAND NATI

Left to right: (1) Johnstown Lad, (2) Flaxman, (3) Mattie Macgregor, (4) To

To forecast the probable result of the Grand National is always a difficult task, but no one was prepared for the surprising result at Aintree on Friday which will long make the 1908 Grand National memorable. The race was admittedly open, but nobody expected such a rank outsider as Rubio to win. Nevertheless, this horse, who jumped superbly throughout, won in a canter by ten lengths. Scarcely a soul among the enormous crowd present had put a shilling on him. Our first picture shows Rubio returning to scale after winning. In our second photograph the horses are taking the water-jump, one of the most tremendous obstacles in racing "over the sticks." The King's horse, Flaxman, is

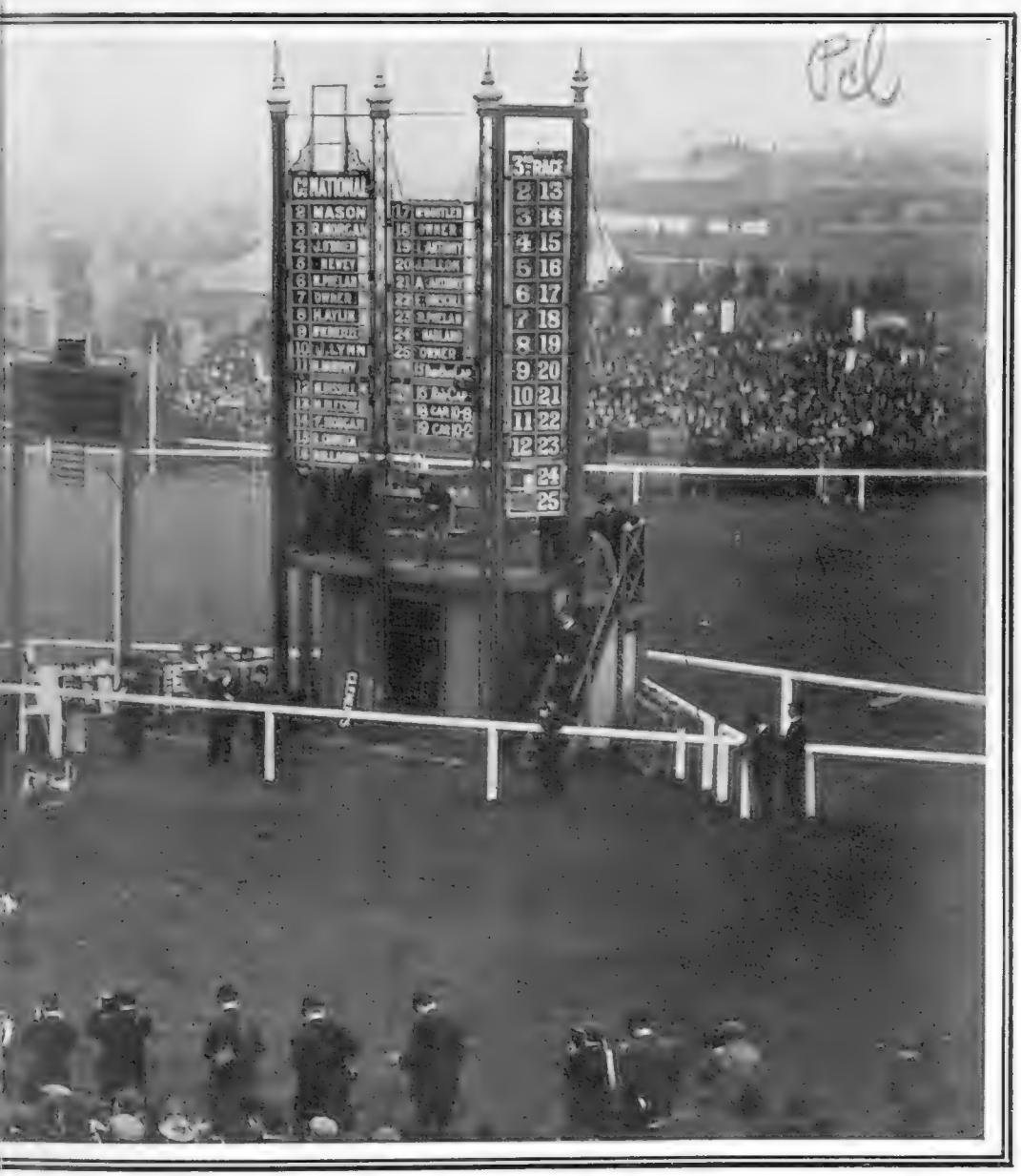
Photos] THE FINISH OF THE MOST SENSATIONAL "GRAND NA

rse Sold for 15 Guineas Wins £3,000!

NAL: THE WATER-JUMP

West, (5) Roman Law, (6) Extravagance. Rubio, the winner, is on extreme right

MAJOR F. DOUGLAS PENNANT (owner of winner) on right, MRS. D. PENNANT, MR. WITHINGTON (Manager of Stable), and on the left, COSTELLO (trainer)



IONAL" ON RECORD: RUBIO WINS BY TEN LENGTHS [*Sport and General*

shown second from the left, while the winner is on the extreme right.

The third picture shows Major F. Douglas Pennant, Mr. Withington, the manager of the successful stable, Mrs. Douglas Pennant, and Costello, the trainer, whose other horse, Mattie Macgregor, ran second. No wonder he is smiling! Rubio started at 66 to 1, the longest price on record for a Grand National victor. He was foaled in America, and was sold as a yearling at Newmarket for 15 guineas. His present owner bought him for hunting, and gave 95 guineas for him, but he broke down so badly that he was lent to the proprietor of a hotel at Towcester, who used him in a trap, and on one occasion drove him thirty-five miles.

An Egyptian Plague in Paraguay

Mr. Swindell's ideas, and he stubbornly refused to give way, and it was not until the Masters of Foxhounds Association had thrown soothing oil upon the troubled waters that he resigned, and took the Old Berkshire country. Mr. Swindell was hardly ever without a pack of hounds, and I happen to know that just before his last illness he was in negotiation for the Mastership of one of the Southern countries now vacant.

Mr. Swindell the Turfite

But a much more interesting personality than the sportsman referred to in the foregoing paragraph was his father, Mr. Fred Swindell, whose rise to fame and fortune constitutes one of the most romantic pages of Turf history. He started life on the lowest rung, his first occupation as a boy being to clean out engines; but one day a lucky visit to a neighbouring race meeting proved the turning-point of his career. He became a commission agent, and by the qualities of shrewdness, reticence, and dogged determination rose to be one of the leading men on the Turf, and the owner of many important winners. It is characteristic of the man that one of his earliest precautions was the investment of a sum that would bring him in £100 a year, "just to keep me and the missus," as he put it. "The rest I can play with," he said. And he "played with it" so well that eventually he was reputed to be worth a quarter of a million. He practically founded the fortunes of the Burton Brewery Company in his capacity of director. One of his cleverest moves was to hire a lot of men, both in town and country, to call at public-houses and hotels which the brewery did not serve, to ask for its special brew. On being told it was not kept, they would express their surprise, and declare they "could get it just above, or just below, or round the corner," and would leave for the apparent purpose of obtaining it. This and other ingenious plans of advertising soon raised the value of the Company's shares enormously. Many anecdotes of him have been told by William Day, his trainer, and by his friend, Mr. George Hodgman, who is still alive and well. Fred Swindell the Turfite has had his detractors, but he undoubtedly possessed many excellent qualities, and he flourished at a time when it was easier for a shrewd man to make money on the Turf than it is to-day.

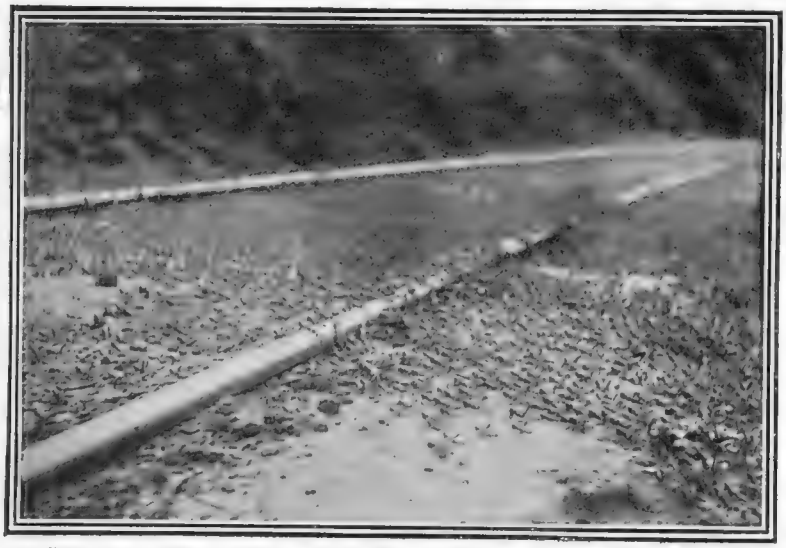
Photos *N. O. Brown, Paraguay*

A New Use for "The Bystander"

It is said by the natives in Paraguay that paper tied round the tree-trunks keeps off the young locusts. How ineffectual even "The Bystander" was in this case may be seen by the stripped branches of the orange tree

Town-Bred Fox-hunters

A brigade from a big city, within reach by rail of a certain pack, much worried the hunt authorities by its persistent attendance at fixtures. These people always rode about *en bloc*, filling gaps and gateways, pressing hounds, and, worst of all, recognising no difference whatever between a field that grew grass and one productive of wheat or seeds. One day a cluster of them was sprawling over a large field of seeds, and the sorely tried Master kept shouting to them in crescendo accents a request to "*Ple-e-ase* keep to the headland!" Whether this admonition mysteriously suggested the seaside or a faint memory of a term used in physical geography is unknown. At all events, it conveyed no other meaning to them, and they placidly continued in the broad way that leadeth to destruction. Then arose the stentorian tones of a member of the Hunt fairly near the Master: "Tell them to get on the pavement, then p'raps they'll understand!" And, amidst roars of laughter, the abashed ones shrank into the shade of the hedgerow, comprehending at last.



"Paraguay on Nile": Quite an Egyptian Plague of Locusts Crossing a Tramway Line

This photograph of innumerable young locusts, or "saltonas," in Paraguay, gives an idea of the difficulty experienced by farmers and others in dealing with the pests, and in spite of all efforts these devastating insects do enormous damage to trees and crops

Hunting Humours

He was not unknown to fame, in another than a sporting sphere, but in a rash moment he accepted the invitation of a friend dwelling in a gay and giddy hunting country to come down and have a day. He was put on "the visitor's horse," an animal light of heart and heel, and not the highest flyer in the stud, but the cause of much quiet pleasure to his owners, who fondly imagined themselves greatly blessed with the possession of "the saving sense." It was a derelict sportsman,

A Magnificent Water-Fowl Preserve

Eggs of Wild Duck in Nest

Photographed in Lord Rothschild's preserves

hopelessly left himself, who perceived him, as he drew near, sitting on a gate, placidly, and with evident enjoyment, munching sandwiches. He was muddy, and his hat bore the appearance of having been buffeted by all life's storms; but he surveyed the empty landscape with a complacent smile, and sipped from his flask delicately between mouthfuls. No sign of a horse was visible, nor of the chase, which had swept clean out of sight. The derelict, who had been introduced at the meet, as in duty bound, hailed him. "I say! want any help? Have you lost your horse?" The luncher turned upon him a countenance beaming and bland. "Thank heaven, yes!" he replied, settling himself more comfortably on his narrow perch, "I think he must be safely out of reach by now!"

Locusts and "The Bystander"!

Writing from Asuncion, Paraguay, South America, Mr. N. O. Brown tells us of a new use for THE BYSTANDER of which its staff were previously quite unaware. This correspondent states that among the many pests that the farmer or fruit-grower has to contend against in the Republic of Paraguay are locusts. "These insects," he writes, "destroy groves of orange trees, stripping off leaves and bark. The natives say that paper tied round the trees keep the 'saltonas,' or young locusts, off the plants. The accompanying photo shows, however, that not even THE BYSTANDER was able to accomplish this! The second photo shows the 'saltonas' crossing a tram-line." A. W. C.

Easter Excursions to the Riviera

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway announces that for the convenience of the many holiday-makers who will be travelling to the Riviera at Easter they have arranged for a special train, composed of first and second-class lavatory carriages and a restaurant car, to leave Calais direct for Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and Monte Carlo on Thursday, April 16, in connection with a special express service from Charing Cross Station, at 2.50 p.m. by the short sea route, via Folkestone and Calais. The reduced return fares from London to any of the above-mentioned Riviera stations will be £9 12s. first and £6 12s. second-class, and passengers will be at liberty to return on any day either via Calais or Boulogne, up to and including May 15. The tickets will also be available at Hyères, Grasse, and other Riviera stations. The sea passage from Folkestone to Calais will be performed by one of the South Eastern and Chatham Company's large steamers in about seventy-five minutes.

Photos *Newman*

Lord Rothschild's Wild Duck and Water-Fowl Preserves at Tring: Here there are thousands of aquatic birds, including many ducks

RACING NOTIONS

THE GRAND NATIONAL SURPRISE. BY CARBINE

Photo *Sport and General*

The Liverpool Spring Meeting: The Stands on Grand National Day, last Friday

A Disastrous Week for Favourites

Our friend the enemy had distinctly the best of things in the big races of the opening week of the flat-racing season. The Lincolnshire Handicap was an excellent race for the bookmakers, the claims of honest little Kaffir Chief having been persistently ignored by most of us in the furore for Land League, Bellatrix, and Rockbourne, who all performed atrociously. We looked like getting back our Lincoln losses in the Liverpool Spring Cup, as Glacis had been tried to be next door to a certainty, but, horror of horrors, he was hopelessly left at the post, being half turned round when the gate was raised. Thus victory went to a comparatively moderate animal like St. Savin, and D'Orsay, a weed who has been trying all the winter to win hurdle races and only once succeeding, was second in this farcical Spring Cup. Then came the Grand National, the biggest snorter of all for poor backers.

Who Dreamt of Rubio Winning?

Who, indeed! In the course of inquiries I have not met a single person who backed him. Possibly his owner had a trifle on, but that would only be to give him an additional interest in the race, as he never thought his horse was good enough to win. In fact, it was believed in Mr. Withington's stable, where the Grand National first and second are both trained, that Rubio had no chance of beating Mattie Macgregor, and it was feared that Tom West would defeat the pair of them. The winner has been returned at 66 to 1 starting price, but if you had wanted to back him you might easily have got 100 to 1 in Tattersall's ring, and it is quite safe to say that the success of Rubio was the biggest surprise in racing since Jeddah won the Derby. For months we had been weighing up the chances of the Grand National, prospects had been discussed at enormous length in all the sporting papers, every follower of steeplechasing had fastened on what he imagined a "good thing"—yet here comes along an awful outsider, whose name had never been mentioned, and canters home an easy winner after nearly all the "fancied" division had fallen by the way. Once more we have seen what a dangerous race the Grand National is for backers, but I suppose we shall all be going for our individual fancies just as fearlessly—or as foolishly, if you like to put it that way—as ever twelve months hence.

Incidents of the Race

All that I wrote last week about the "element of luck" was borne out on Friday. For example, fancy Mount Prospect's Fortune coming down at the very first fence—a horse who had actually won over this Aintree course. The most pleasant feature of the race was the good form of the King's horse, Flaxman, who ran into fourth place, and might have been even nearer to the winner had not his jockey lost a stirrup-iron. He may yet win a National for his Majesty. I can well imagine that Americans will crow loudly over the fact that the winner was bred in the U.S.A. Rubio did first see the light in California, but his sire was an English horse, and his dam was the daughter of an Australian horse. Further, Rubio was only in America for the first year of his life, and was sold as a yearling at Newmarket for fifteen guineas. Since then he has been used as a hunter, a Yeomanry charger, and even as a 'bus horse. Truly a curious sort to win the greatest steeplechase of the world; but such is the luck of racing, and without these strange caprices of fortune the sport would not be half so fascinating. Nor without the prospects of such successes would sportsmen like Major F. Douglas Pennant, who is a hunting rather than a racing man, be induced to put horses into training.

Newbury Prospects

After the bustle of Lincoln and Liverpool, there is a quieter time for racing people this week, and the Newbury Meeting promises the best sport. On the strength of his bold display last week, Longcroft is sure to be strongly fancied for the Newbury Spring Cup on Saturday, but he will be meeting quite a new lot of opponents, including Lischana, Linacre, Fruitful, Rifleite, and Woolley. My selection is the nicely weighted **Woolley**, and I take LONGCROFT as second string. **Mary of Orange** should secure the Greenham Stakes on Friday, while at Lingfield on Friday **Fra Diavolo** may win the Victoria Plate.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

The English Cup Semi-Final

Southampton coming on the ground to play before a vast concourse. They were unlucky to lose to Wolverhampton Wanderers by 2—0

Oxford's Little Bit of Spoof

I must confess that I find considerable difficulty in joining in the general howl of indignation in the Press over Oxford's so-called secret trial last Friday. Of course, it is more usual to announce beforehand what the coaching arrangements are for the following day, but it is not invariably done, and to say that coaches are in any way bound to reveal their plans to the public is absurd. No doubt there was some good reason for what was done on Friday, and even if it involved something which partook of the nature of "spoof," far too much fuss has been made about it. I hope that the time will never arrive when the Boat Race and all that appertains to it is bossed by the newspapers.

The 'Varsity Sports: Cambridge six, Oxford four

Oxford were supposed to be going to win the 'Varsity Sports on Saturday by six events to four, but in the result the figures were the other way round. If L. C. Hull, the Oxford first string, had not made a bad start in the Hundred, he might, perhaps, have beaten K. G. Macleod, and another bit of bad luck for Oxford was the breakdown of N. G. Chavasse in the Quarter after running a few yards; still, I doubt whether he would have beaten the Cambridge President, E. H. Ryle, who won this race in capital style, beating C. M. Chavasse, last year's winner, by over ten yards. It is a curious fact that nine of last year's winners (counting N. G. Chavasse and Macleod, who dead-heated in the Hundred) were competing again, and that of these only five repeated their last year's victories. These were Macleod in the Hundred and Powell in the Hurdles for Cambridge, and Lloyd in the Mile, Hallows in the Three Miles, and Stevens in the Hammer for Oxford. The four who failed were the two Chavasses in the Hundred and Quarter, Darling in the Half, and Robinson in the Weight—all Oxford. It was not a day for fast times, and in these circumstances T. H. Just's Half-Mile for Cambridge in 1min. 55 4-5th sec. was exceptionally good. K. Powell did not repeat his record of last year (15 3-5th sec.) in the Hurdles, which also tied with the British Amateur record, but he would very likely have done so if he had not made a very bad start, for he went very fast, and after being led by a good yard caught Hussey at the sixth hurdle, and beat him by a yard and a half in 16 dead. Other good performances were those of Lloyd (Oxford), who ran with splendid judgment in the Mile, and of Hallows (Oxford), who improved on his time of last year in the Three Miles. The Quarter was remarkable for the fact that there were three Bishops' sons running in it, Ryle, the winner (who was prevented by an accident the day before the race from competing last year), being the son of the Bishop of Winchester, and the Chavasses, twin sons of the Bishop of Liverpool.

The Boat Race: Oxford's Bad Luck

There is nearly always a certain amount of ill-luck associated with the training of the 'Varsity crews, and this year it has all fallen to one side. The *Daily Mail* has, of course, found out the reason of this. Just as two years ago it insisted that the result of the race was settled by the quantity of eggs consumed, so this year it has apparently laid it down that the crew which eats, or has eaten, the most oranges will get to Mortlake first.

Photos *Sport and General*

A Curious Snapshot in the Newcastle United v. Fulham Cup-Tie Semi-Final

Three of the players are well up in the air. Newcastle extinguished the hopes of the South by walking over Fulham by 6—0. This famous Northern team is far and away the best in the country at present, are champions of the League, and will doubtless win the Cup

The Boat Race: Prospects and Photographs OF THE CREWS

How far the consumption of this particular fruit gives immunity from influenza I am not prepared to say, but the fact remains that Oxford have been so hampered by the ravages of the disease that they were compelled at one time to abandon practice altogether for four days. This happened just at the time when they were settling down and falling into shape, and such an occurrence has naturally had a most detrimental effect on their work.

A Good Omen for Cambridge

The Cambridge crew came to Putney some days before their rivals, and the form they displayed there at once put them in high favour with the riverside critics, so that odds of as much as 3 to 1 have been laid on them. Then Oxford came up to the tideway, and proceeded almost at once to row the course in identically the same time as the Cantabs, and under very similar conditions. This made the supporters of the Light Blues think, and had the effect of levelling up in people's minds the merits of the two crews. It is a curious thing that in this race many people will always plump for the crew which is supposed to be in a winning vein, and by this, I believe, is meant the crew which won the year before, or has won the greatest number of times during the past few years. Though such a basis of calculation is in itself, of course, valueless, there is, nevertheless, this year some justification for it in the fact that the same stroke and seven who have been victorious for the last two years are for the third time in succession, rowing together in the Cambridge boat. This alone should augur well, and even putting aside the success which has hitherto attended the combination of Eric Powell and Stuart, there are many who will unhesitatingly go for the crew which is stroked by Stuart, for he has in some quarters come to be looked upon as almost invincible over the Putney course. Moreover, he has behind him a powerful and speedy crew, and one well up to the average of recent years.

The Two Cambridge Coaches
Mr. F. J. Escombe and Mr. S. D. Muttlebury

A Comparison and a Prophecy

The Dark Blues are the prettier crew to watch, this being due largely to the fact that they row in the old traditional style which demands a good firm beginning, while the Cambridge men stick to the sculling style which they have adopted for the last two years, and depend for their pace rather on a hard, clean finish. The Oxonians are, moreover, all real triers, but have, of course, been severely handicapped by their misfortunes. In Kirby they have probably the best man in either boat, but he has been the worst sufferer from influenza, and only recently got back his normal weight. By the time these notes appear his crew may have improved, but at the time of writing they are certainly not well together, and are liable to get very short, while in some of their practice starts they have been terribly ragged. They are evidently bent on trying to hold Stuart at the start, while the Cambridge stroke is equally sure to attempt to establish a lead early in the race; so that there is likely to be seen some desperately hard rowing for the first few minutes. Whether Gladstone will be able to hold his opponents is doubtful, but should he lose the lead at the start, he is sure to be hard after them all the way. In him Oxford have got a man full of grit, and with plenty of experience as a stroke; and those who saw him last year will not readily forget the plucky race he rowed, and how, though never once seeing the Cambridge boat from the start, he was always hunting Stuart home, and that, too, with an inferior crew behind him, and a sick man at five. Nevertheless, I expect to see Cambridge win on Saturday, though there will, I think, be a race, and not a procession.

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

In Training at Putney: The Rival Crews Chatting after a Trial Spin

Bad luck seems to have dogged the footsteps of the Oxford crew, and their training has been sadly interrupted by the ravages of influenza. They are all real triers, but they are liable to get very short, and some of their practice starts have been very ragged. Cambridge, on the other hand —an orange diet apparently proving effective—have been more fortunate, and, with the same stroke and seven who have been successful for the last two years, their prospects are very bright. There is every chance, however, of the contest being an exciting one, and not a mere procession

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Cambridge Beats Oxford at Golf

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*
The Hon. C. T. Mills (Oxford) Driving to the Seventh

Photo *Sport and General*
Mr. C. B. Barry (Cambridge) at the Eighth Tee

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*
Mr. V. C. Longstaffe (Cambridge) Mr. J. A. Robertson-Durham (Oxford)

THE RIVAL CAPTAINS

In the worst imaginable weather, the Inter-'Varsity golf contest took place at Sunningdale last week, ending in a somewhat unexpected victory for Cambridge of four matches to three. The chief point of interest in the match was Robertson-Durham's victory over the Cambridge captain, for at the end of eighteen holes Durham, playing below his usual form, was six down. Going out again, however, he won six holes in succession, and eventually made an excellent win of 4 up and 2 to play

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*
Identification Theories: Mr. C. Macdona (Cambridge) and the Hon. C. N. Bruce (Oxford) Confuse their Balls

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*
Lost Ball!: Lord Maidstone (Oxford) Searching for a Lost Ball Among the Undergrowth

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES.—NO. 123

BUCEPHALUS COMES HOME

By C. M. MACLACHLAN

A BIG yellow motor blundered on to the grass, scattering two or three horses that had not yet become accustomed to this invasion of their rights, and making the commotion inseparable from Lady Fanny Batchelor's arrival at any meet of the Linkshire Hounds.

Down there, where they all knew each other, and half the field called the other half by their Christian names, Lady Fanny, very managing, very tyrannical, was a regular institution. As she boasted herself, she had known these people since they were babes, and had acquired a kind of a right to smack them.

She stood up now in the car and raked the field, with its crowd of riders. Her face was red, and she looked like a big, cross parrot in her immense fur coat.

Two men sitting on their horses, glancing warily in her direction, laughed, and made room for a third to ride in between them.

"It's your turn for a wigging, Jimmy," said the elder. "What's this I hear of your refusing Fanny to dine and sleep, and meet an heiress?"

"I never could understand how Fanny hadn't married you off," chuckled the other, lighting his cigar and passing on the match. "She's at the bottom of all the unhappy marriages in the neighbourhood; and there you are, hard-up and good-looking, with an old house that wants patching badly, ready to her hand."

"I hope I've taught her to leave me in peace," the newcomer replied.

"You have, oh, you have!" said the man on his right, grinning. "She was furious with you last night. 'Behold this young woman wallowing in riches I have captured on purpose for him, and the man won't even look at her!' she said. 'I wash my hands of him!' Later on she won a lot at Bridge—off the wallowing one—and she got more philosophical. She was good enough to allow that there was a bright side to the picture, that she had another candidate up her sleeve, and that you were so infernally impracticable; if you *had* come over and dined you would have been dead sure to fall in love with the poor relation."

"Who is that?" said Jimmy carelessly.

"A little girl, a sort of cousin of Fanny's husband. She told us in confidence—shrieked it, as usual, on the housetops!—that she was asking her down simultaneously with a kind of a monster who dealt in soap."

"Fanny's a brute!" broke in Jimmy.

"Well, she calls herself a philanthropist. Distribution of wealth, you know. The child is an absolute pauper, and poor Fanny's working like a Trojan for her salvation, and is lending her decent frocks. She will be awfully proud of herself if she pulls it off."

"As, of course, she will, if the girl hasn't a farthing and the man is a millionaire. I know Fanny!"

The two men laughed, but Jimmy Hardwicke moved on sharply. He was sick of gossip.

They watched him ride on, long-legged and slim, with a smile for every woman and a grin for every man. They all liked him. He had the strong jaw and the steadfast blue eyes of his race, and although his worn scarlet coat was fading into pink, he had still a decent horse under him.

He could see a girl in the big yellow motor sitting between a prosperous-looking creature with streaky hair, whom he recognised, with a sardonic smile, as undoubtedly the heiress, and the strident Fanny. She had risen now, a young, young thing, with deep, dark, velvet eyes, and was eagerly trying to struggle up on to a big horse from the back of the motor before a man Lady Fanny was signalling to could arrive to put her up. He saw that, and his heart was hot within him as he pictured Fanny—who was the terror of the neighbourhood, thanks to her mania for making matches—with that little thing fluttering in her trap. How she would bully the child!

He moved instinctively a little way towards her. He felt, somehow, as if he had to, as if she must want his help—and then he drew bridle. What was the good? She must fight her own battle, poor child. He did not know her. It was utterly useless and hopeless that he should know her. Those dark velvet eyes could never shine for him.

He turned his mare sharp, and was soon squeezing with the rest through the narrow gateway into the lane that led away to the cover, whistling ruefully to himself. He had learnt a desperate prudence in his thirty-six years of life. A poor devil who was the last of his race, and had inherited all the family burdens and little else, had either to sink his pride and mend his fortunes by way of marriage, or turn his back bravely at the first hint of danger in a girl's eyes. All the men he knew liked him, all the women called him a dear, and in the same breath sighed what a pity it was that Jimmy was so awfully poor. Flirtation was open to him on all sides, but marriage for him was barred.

Half an hour later he was sailing along in a line with the pack, and glancing over his shoulder to exult in his judgment and see how few of the rest were in it, he saw a solitary rider in the field with him who was far from glorying in her luck. Her little face was white and frightened, her wrists stiff with pulling, her dark eyes scared.

"Can't you hold him?" shouted Jimmy as she swung alongside him.

"I—I can't!" she cried. "He's running away with me."

Hounds had checked. Jimmy leaned over and got a grip on the bridle. And that was how they were introduced.

"You're rather a baby to be trusted out on Bucephalus," he said unceremoniously. "Oh, I know him. I sold him myself to Fanny; but he's got a mouth of iron, and she had no business to put you on him."

The girl looked across the faded scarlet sleeve at the strange hand that had stayed Bucephalus, and lay over hers, gripping the reins and her fingers in the same kind grasp.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"I'm rather a coward," she said impulsively. "I haven't ridden much, but I'm not frightened of getting killed—that wouldn't matter." Her tone was tragic, but her face wore the confidence of a child. "It's a man staying with Lady Fanny. She told him to look after me—and I don't like him. I'm horribly afraid of not being killed quite dead before he picks me out of the hedge."

It was a ridiculous speech, but, Heaven help her! Jimmy thought it was easy to understand.

The man himself was forging up behind them, a fellow with greedy eyes and a wild red moustache. He addressed the girl in a hoarse, rather breathless voice.

"I'm awfully sorry, Miss Brandon; I couldn't send on this confounded brute. Lady Fanny has ordered me to take charge of you, don't you know."

It was Jimmy's place, as a stranger, to stand aside. He rode off honourably, marvelling a little at the mean ways of millionaires (this fellow was apparently mounted on the worst crock in Fanny's stables), and telling himself grimly that Fanny was sharp enough. Had she not had a horrid conviction that he would fall in love with her poor relation? It was awkward, infernally awkward, that a man who could not afford such luxuries should feel haunted by a pair of dark velvet eyes.

. . . . . .

He was riding home that evening, late and muddy, when he distinguished something moving oddly in the dim light ahead. His tired mare quickened her pace, and Jimmy peered in front of him, astonished at what he saw.

A big horse was deliberately approaching, looking gigantic in the half light in contrast to the little figure tramping along in the splashing mud at his side. Now and then he flung up his head and jerked the reins free. It was Miss Brandon and Bucephalus.

The girl looked up as she heard him coming. He could see she was trying to pull the big horse out of his way, and that Bucephalus refused to budge. He threw himself off beside her.

"Anything wrong?" he said.

The girl started, and lifted her face to him. She was a draggled and piteous object, but the spirit in her eyes had already driven out tears with laughter.

"Oh!" she said, half-consciously. "You!"

Jimmy felt his heart stirring dangerously at that. He steadied himself and looked Bucephalus solemnly up and down.

"He's as fresh as a daisy, the old beast," he said. "Why aren't you on his back?"

Miss Brandon leaned against the big animal's shining side, and let Jimmy catch hold of his bridle.

"Oh," she said, "I was lost—and I was so tired; the fields look so strange and dreadful when it begins to get dark, and I thought we should have to walk and walk all night, and perhaps be murdered. He shook me off when I was trying to unlatch a gate, and he will not let me get up; he snorts awfully if I try to climb. Oh, thank you!" For Jimmy had stooped and lifted her into the saddle.

"*He* didn't take much care of you," he muttered irrelevantly. The utter trustfulness of her little speech, her saying she *was* lost as if that was all past and she was safe with him, had touched him, and made his voice rough. "The fool should have stuck to you. The horse is all right, but he's as big as a house, and as clumsy—and to leave you wandering by yourself——!"

"Don't put it that way," the girl said, with a queer little excited laugh. "Put it that I escaped."

There was a short silence. At last he spoke.

"I suppose you'd think it confoundedly impertinent in a stranger to offer you his advice."

"I would," she said. "But, you know, I feel as if I had known you a hundred years."

The amazed thrill in her laugh had its echo in his; and their situation, odd as it was, made it possible for him to speak straighter than he would have dared in the formal daylight.

"Well," he said, "I daresay we're rather in the same ship, for both you and I are hard-up and all that, you know—and there is a kind of fellow-feeling."

"Yes," she said. Her voice was queer and soft.

"I know Lady Fanny awfully well," said Jimmy. "She's the sort of woman who means well, but makes a ghastly lot of mischief. She's tried to manage most of us. Don't let her manage you. It's harder for a girl than a man, but—but there's a way out always."

He heard her give a slight gasp, and then her voice reached him, quick and shaken.

"Oh!" she said. "Have they been telling you that I'm a pauper, without any friends, and that Lady Fanny is going to make me marry soap and candles? It's good of you to be sorry."

The bitterness in her young voice hurt him. He leant over in his saddle in the confidential darkness.

"You poor child!" he said. "I'm a blundering ass. And you don't even know who I am."

"Ah, but I do," she said. "You are the famous Mr. Jimmy Hardwicke, who answered Lady Fanny's invitation to meet an heiress by saying that—that you you would be hanged first."

They both laughed outright; it was impossible to help it.

"How did you know?" said Jimmy.

"I heard Lady Fanny proclaiming it far and wide," said the girl. "You know all about each other, don't you?—and you talk awfully loud down here."

"Well, shake hands upon it, will you?" said Jimmy. "Luck to us both, and—confusion to the rich!"

He stretched out his hand, and it closed frankly over hers, and swung it to and fro while they laughed, like children.

"Ah," she said wistfully, "but you are a man, and brave."

Across the road in front of them rose suddenly the grim bars of Lady Fanny's portal. The man at the lodge, hearing horses approach, ran out and dragged it open. Jimmy dropped the little swinging hand.

"There's a way out always," he said. "Good night!"

. . . . . .

There were no moon, no stars, nothing to light him on his homeward way, but his heart was warm with a hot eagerness of protection. The little thing should not sell herself if he could help it—he would baulk Lady Fanny and that pursuing bounder. It would be an infernal shame to let this go on.

(*Continued on page 38*)

"The Admirable Crichton" Redivivus

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

MR. LYN HARDING, THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON, AND MR. GERALD DU MAURIER, THE HON. ERNEST WOOLLEY, IN THE SUCCESSFUL REVIVAL AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S

THE HON. E. WOOLLEY: "Life, Crichton, is like a cup of tea; the more heartily we drink the sooner we reach the dregs. Ha! ha!" CRICHTON: "Thank you, sir!"

After some four years' rest "The Admirable Crichton" was revived early in March at the Duke of York's, and bids fair to have a long run. Many of the original cast have returned to their original parts, including Miss Muriel Beaumont, Miss Sybil Carlisle, and Mr. Gerald du Maurier. The latter has travelled far in the last four years, and it is to be regretted that his is not a more important part, but nevertheless his playing of the Hon. Ernest Woolley is well worth seeing. The highest praise must also be accorded Mr. Lyn Harding as the Admirable Crichton, H. B. Irving's original part

(Continued from page 36)

His tired mare stumbled and awakened him rudely to face realities. One thing was plain to him, a vain and a fatal thing. He saw it with a kind of sardonic pity, although it made him grind his teeth. He, Jimmy Hardwicke, who was so desperately hard-up himself that he could never afford to marry, had fallen ridiculously in love with another pauper. There did not seem to be any way out for him.

. . . . . .

It was in the latter end of the week that Jimmy, drying himself by the fire after a tramp with his gun round his ancestral acres—barren lands, out of which every farthing he could wring went to satisfy the claims that had been left to him along with the wreck of the family estate—heard the crack of a whip-lash at his window. Two or three draggled riders had looked him up on their way home from hunting to ask him for a drink.

It had been a vile day, deceitful in the beginning, and then sweeping the horizon with storms of sleet. Hounds had run fitfully, and at last thrown it up, and there was nothing to do but crawl home with heads down and shoulders up, and, since flasks were empty, thank Heaven for Jimmy's whisky.

"A beast of a day," said one man, settling himself in his slippery saddle. "And the only run we had nipped in the bud by the storm. I say, Jimmy, you should have seen that sulky bounder of Fanny's riding up and down in the blizzard yelling out, 'Who has seen Miss Brandon?' Said she'd disappeared in the middle of everything, and seemed to think Hickes and I had hidden her from his protecting care."

"What?" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Oh, it was no end of a joke. I expect the young lady got soaked to the skin, and sensibly trotted home."

The sky was dimmed with a hint of returning storm, although real darkness should not spread till later, as Jimmy's visitors took their departure. The clatter of their animals grew fainter and fainter, and Jimmy turned on his heel. It was then that he heard the hoofs of a single horse.

It was coming along in a dragging canter, and he knew before he saw it that it was riderless. In a few moments Bucephalus appeared, making his way by instinct to his old stable.

He slackened his pace to a walk as he passed under the battered archway emblazoned with the Hardwicke coat of arms. Jimmy reached him as he halted, snorting, in the paved yard, and the groom came running out of the saddle-room and made a surprised grab at his bridle.

"I'm afraid there's been an accident, sir," he stammered.

Bucephalus had been down. The side-saddle was twisted crooked and one of the pommels broken; his shoulders and his knees were plastered with mud—the groom felt them mechanically—in his struggles to rise.

"*He's* all right," said the man, "if he haven't rolled on the lady."

Jimmy was already unbuckling the smashed saddle.

"Put another on him," he said over his shoulder. "Look sharp—that will do, man. You can follow me on the mare—and bring a lantern with you. We may want it."

He slung himself across the horse, and started out down the road. The thing was to track the animal's progress back to where he had left his rider.

Half a mile down the road there was a gap in the hedge and sliding marks. It was there, probably, that the big horse had crashed out into the high road, pursuing the distant clatter of other horses. How far had he strayed first? He might, on extricating himself, have wandered aimlessly over a field or two; or, on the other hand, if he was up quickly and heard the hunt, he might have galloped miles. It was possible that his rider might have found help and shelter—it was just as possible that she was lying hurt under any one of these distant hedges. He pressed on with a stiff jaw and searching eyes.

All at once his heart gave an awful leap.

Right across the skyline stretched a ragged hedge, a high, impossible jump—and there was a fresh gap in it, a place all broken down with the weight of a falling horse. The light was nearly gone, but still, as he galloped up the furrow, Jimmy's strained gaze distinguished something lying, a crumpled heap, in the ditch.

He was off his horse like a shot, and beside her.

The little pale face dropped on his shoulder motionless as he lifted her body in his arms, and he felt a moment's horrible uncertainty. He remembered her childish wish to be killed quite dead! When he realised that she was only insensible, his voice, shouting for the man hurrying after him, was hoarse with relief. With the groom's help he remounted and took her in his arms, so slight a burden to carry home!

The motion shook her into consciousness, but she did not cry out. He felt her cheek turn as it lay against his coat, and his heart throbbed beneath it.

"I'm sorry," he said, brokenly; "can you stand it? We're almost home."

She said nothing, but he heard her give a kind of sob and settle into his arms.

They got in at last, and Jimmy dismounted and carried her over the threshold into his house.

There was a blazing fire in his own den, always the only inhabited corner in the shabby old place. He laid her down on his big sofa, and knelt beside her, unwinding the stiff hunting-stock and taking out her hairpins with tender, unsteady fingers. She spoke then, only a wandering murmur.

"So it was you. I knew it would be you," she said.

"Don't move! Don't move!" cried Jimmy nervously.

"Am I—broken?" she said, quaintly.

"I hope not," said Jimmy gravely. He could not laugh yet. "But I think you've had a sort of concussion. Kind of thing that knocks you stupid, and you have to keep quiet—awfully quiet. I'm sorry I haven't any women in the house to look after you—and there's nothing here fit to drive you back in—but I've sent over to Lady Fanny, and I've sent for a doctor—oh, for God's sake, don't look so pale!"

She lay still and smiled at him, looking like a child in the white knitted jersey she had worn under her hunting coat, with her soft throat bare and her hair loosened.

"How kind you are," she said.

"Kind?" muttered Jimmy in an odd voice. "*Kind?*"

"Yes," she said, in a dreamy, wandering way. Her voice sounded tired and strange. "I don't think anybody ever was kind to me before. They have always

(Continued on page 40)

Still Smiling!

Photo *Reginald Silk*

MISS PHYLLIS BARKER AND MISS EVIE GREENE, SHORTLY APPEARING IN THE NEW GAIETY PRODUCTION

After the successful run of the "Lady Dandies," an appearance at the Palace, and a provincial tour, Miss Evie Greene has been enjoying a well-merited holiday before rehearsing for the new Gaiety production, "Havana," in which she is taking the principal part of the Spanish-Irish Girl. Miss Phyllis Barker is playing the role of the little English Girl

(Continued from page 38)

been good to me grudgingly, or else they've pushed their—services at me till I was frightened. I've been a kind of a friendless shuttlecock all my life, and people play hard—people like Lady Fanny——"

Jimmy should have stopped her. He had been so careful of her, and he knew how likely anyone with concussion was to drift unguardedly into confidences they might repent. He should have hushed her talk, and listened rigidly for the doctor. But how could he silence that dear, low, piteous voice?

"She wants me to marry that man staying with her. She says he is fond of me, but he looks at me frightfully when I am rude to him—I *am* rude—I am so frightened. I heard her tell him that she would make me——"

The sweet scared voice had almost dropped to a whisper.

"Do you think it would be awfully mad and silly if I were to run away?"

"I'll tell you what," said Jimmy. His tone was suddenly fierce; he had a vision of this young thing tricked out in Fanny's second-hand finery, bullied and driven by the pressure of the Lord knew what straits into submission to Fanny's plans. He had an ugly thought of Fanny's Bridge debts, and what lengths she might go to satisfy a black-visaged millionaire. Recklessness gripped him, the natural reaction from the last hour's strain; he lost his head as utterly as any of his extravagant ancestors, the painted lords and ladies he had never had the heart to sell. And so, naturally, his voice dropped into a deadly calm.

"I'll tell you what," he said. "Since we're both paupers, you know, why shouldn't we stick to each other? I couldn't swear to keep a roof over your head—but if you want a man to love you——!"

She lay quite still on the sofa—his sofa—gazing up at him, and the wistful babbling died on her lips. His look was plain to read in the firelight.

"Oh!" she said faintly. "It's not possible. It's not possible."

Jimmy controlled himself. It was difficult not to let himself go and catch her in his arms. He stood looking at her a moment till the colour stole into her pale cheek, and she took a little quick breath, half a sob, and laughed.

"Ah," she said. "Knight-errant! Will you teach me to be happy? I don't know how."

He dropped on his knees before her, smoothing the pillows under her head with a curiously shaking hand. He could not touch her; she was too precious.

"I'll take care of you," he said brokenly.

Without moving she felt for his hand as it brushed her hair, and drew it down like a baby against her cheek. A sudden dizziness as of pain dimmed her eyes, but he could not see it.

There was an ominous tread in the passage. Jimmy got on to his feet and went to open the door. But it was not the doctor. It was only Smith, ex-soldier, groom, factotum and housekeeper, who had been sent to fetch him. Smith had galloped on his errand, for his last sight of the lady, limp and unconscious, had been terrifying; he was covered with mud, and breathless.

"Doctor wasn't in, sir," he said. "I started 'em out lookin' for 'im, and rid on to Lady Fanny's. They've telephoned in to Leicester."

The man's look of important tragedy struck his master like a blow. He turned quickly to the girl on the sofa. Heaven pardon him; she was so brave and plucky he had half forgotten that awful moment that had broken down his guard. His face whitened, but the girl raised herself a little, and, sighing sharply, comforted him with a dazzling smile.

"Don't worry," she said. "I'm a little stiff, and it hurts me to breathe, but that's nothing, you know. Please, is Lady Fanny sending?"

Smith stared at her respectfully, mentally deciding that she had broken all her ribs.

"Lady Fanny is coming herself, miss, in the motor. It's broke down for the present, miss, four miles back, but the chafferer says if it kills 'im he'll make her go. Ain't you had nothing, miss?"—he cast a shocked look at Jimmy. "Could you fancy hot soup and a little brandy?"

Night had closed in.

In the distant kitchen there was an occasional clatter, betraying the occupation of the eager and distracted Smith. Jimmy made up his fire till it sparkled half up the chimney, reddening the walls and lending brilliance to the dear, tired, wistful eyes gazing into his. He listened with a kind of triumphant expectation for the hoot of Lady Fanny's motor-car, but it was Miss Brandon who heard it first. He saw her lips turn suddenly pale.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously. "You're not hurt, are you, after all?"

"I hear it coming," she stammered.

And then Jimmy heard it too, unmistakably. He laughed slightly.

"It sounds like her," he said. "I'll go and let her in, and reassure her before she bursts upon you."

The girl had not moved on the sofa since he had laid her down, but she sprung up then, and flung out her arms. He had reached the door, and stood still, startled at seeing her on her feet.

"Don't go," she cried. "Jimmy, Jimmy!"

Strength was failing her; she was going to faint with pain. But she must not. She had to tell him first.

"Darling, what is the matter?" he cried. His voice sounded a long way off, but she did not fall. Because he was proud, and Lady Fanny's vulgar glee in the situation had to be faced, and might be fatal to his happiness and hers—if he was too proud!—she had strung herself up to a passionate effort to make him understand.

"Ah, don't be angry!" she said. "I didn't want to cheat you. How was I to tell you that man was persecuting me because of my awful money? When you spoke like that—'*you and I*'—I could not ask you to leave me out in the cold; I could not tell you that I was the poor, poor person you slighted. You wouldn't know me, you know; you said you'd be hanged first, Jimmy!"

"*What?*" he cried.

His voice sounded harsh in its astonishment. The girl gave a little sobbing cry.

"Ah, don't be angry!" she repeated. "I've never had anything of my own—but money. Oh, take care of me, Jimmy, I am so poor!"

She lifted her eyes to his, making a last attempt to stand up straight and bravely. And what could a man do but catch her and hold her safe to his heart?

C. M. Maclachlan.

In the New World

READERS UNDER VARIED CLIMATIC CONDITIONS ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT

33° Below Zero

Mr. R. W. Ashley, General Electric Co., Scheneitady, N.Y., writes: "My landlord, a typical old American farmer, is reading the paper after cutting his way from the house to the farm through 18 inches of snow, the thermometer standing at 33 degrees below zero! Though a patriotic American, he thinks the The Bystander has 'got 'em all stopped a mile'!"

On a Mexican Ranch

Mrs. G. Warren Davis, Matajanal, Ensenada, Mexico, writes: "My shapshot shows some 'vaqueros' on a Mexican ranch about to start to round up a band of bronchos. The expedition was delayed, however, as some of the party insisted on reading The Bystander before setting out"

A Cosmopolitan Group on the Isthmus of Panama

Sent by Mr. H. O. Blake, the Darien Gold Mining Company, Ltd., in which half a dozen nationalities—and extremes of civilisation—are represented

Haymaking in Alberta

A lunch time rest and read. Notice the contrast of weather conditions shown in this picture with the photograph on the right depicting a typical winter scene in the Dominion

On the Trail in New Ontario

Near Rising Sun Camp, in the centre of the Cobalt Niccolite and Silver district. The nearest town, Latchford, 20 miles away, is reached in summer by canoe, in winter by "footing it on snowshoes, five pairs of socks, and moose-hide moccasins being necessary to prevent one's feet being frost-bitten, 40 and 50 degrees of frost being quite usual." Sent by Mr. A. J. Dunnett, Rising Sun Camp, Temagami Forest Reserve, P.O., Latchford, New Ontario

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Golf in the Sunny South

While in this country amateur and professional golfers and golfing cricketers, with an enthusiasm and ardour worthy of the highest praise, have been battling in foursomes under the most discouraging weather conditions, others more fortunately situated have been carrying on thei games and competitions under a blazing sun in the warm climes of the South. For the moment, the centre of interest in the golfing world has shifted from these shores to those of Southern France. Last year, at about this time, there was a notable professional competition, under the auspices of the Grand Duke Michael, at Cannes, when Massy gave us a foretaste of what was in store for us in the later and greater competition of the Open Championship. This year the scene of action has been laid at Nice, the gay and more truly French neighbour and rival of what one may almost call the British colony of Cannes. The difference between the two communities from this point of view is sufficiently emphasised by the fact that golf has flourished at Cannes since 1891, while the Nice Golf C ub was instituted as recently as 1902. I regret that I have no personal knowledge of either course, and must, therefore, perforce adopt the position, so severely reprehended by Mr. Croome, of evolving facts from my inner consciousness and the able reports of local correspondents.

Photo *Dixon*

Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein

Playing at Sunningdale, where recently, with Ben Sayers, Junr., he beat his sister, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and Jack Wright by 5 up and 3 to play

The Game's Growth in France

It is open to me, nowever, to lay stress on the fact that this recent competition at Nice proves the pleasurable fact that golf is really taking root in the soil of our friendly neighbours. No doubt Massy's performances last year, as well as those of his lesser compatriots, have given an immense impetus to the game among Frenchmen, as showing them that there is no reason in nature why a Frenchman should not become just as adept at golf as his British rival. All supporters of the game will heartily welcome this growth of the game in France, for it brings them on level terms with lawn tennis players who have for years been able to follow the sun. so to speak, in the pursuit of their game. For no one will pretend that the conditions of the game during winter in our islands are of an altogether pleasurable kind. Hitherto, the difficulty of coping with the sun in the South in the matter of putting greens has been a grave disadvantage. But from the accounts we receive of the putting greens at Cannes and Nice it may be presumed that the immense increase in scientific knowledge of the treatment of grass, which has been one of the great features of golf during the last decade, has enabled the officials of the Cannes and Nice Clubs to cope successfully with this trouble.

The Successful Meeting at Nice

The meeting at Nice, which has just terminated as I write these lines, has evidently been an unqualified success. For the purposes of the competition the three leading British players, H. Vardon, Braid, and Taylor, were chosen in conjunction with Callaway and Covington, the Cannes and Nice resident professionals, and the leading French players, namely, Massy, Gassiat, and Bomboudiac. The proceedings began with a scoring competition over thirty-six holes. This was won, to my great pleasure, by Harry Vardon, who apparently showed his old-time supremacy in all departments of the game. His score of 143 (72 and 71) shows that there can have been nothing wrong with his putting. We are not told, n any accounts that I have seen at the time of writing, with what kind of implement Vardon performed on the putting greens. But the great fact remains, that his putting must have come back to him, and this alone restores him to something like the position he held some years back. It enormously increases his chances for the Championship, taken in conjunction with the great improvement in his health. Massy came in second with a score of 147, while Braid was third with one stroke more. Taylor could get no nearer than fifth, and the subsequent part of the competition shows that he is either a little stale or out of form for the time being.

An Auspicious Start for the Season

The second day's proceedings introduced a new and somewhat horrible form of competition in the shape of a four-ball foursome scoring test. In this Braid and Gassiat tied with Massy and Callaway with best ball scores of 68. Vardon, who was but little assisted by his partner, Covington, distinguished himself by going out in 33 off his own club, a record for the meeting, and a better score than any best ball score. In the afternoon Braid, Taylor, and Vardon respectively vanquished Massy, Gassiat, and Bomboudiac in singles matches of eighteen holes, each victory being a substantial one. Thus on the soil of the friendly enemy our men have recovered some of the lustre of which Massy robbed them last year, and have given a highly auspicious start to the season from a British point of view.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

THE GENTLE ART OF FURNISHING

(Designed and Executed by Wolfe and Hollander)

By EGAN MEW

("The Bystander" Contributor on Art, "Connoisseur," Furniture, and Kindred Subjects)

Beauty and Comfort in Furniture

At a period when everyone is interested in the decoration of the home and the collection of agreeable furniture, the one great difficulty is the expense which the love of beautiful things so often implies. At this juncture in the affairs of the man who desires his house to be comfortable and beautiful, Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander come forward with their attractive scheme of buying out of income in place of expending capital. Their enormous showrooms in Tottenham Court Road contain not only everything that a house needs from base to dome, from cellar to attic, but these galleries also show many hundreds of beautiful examples of cabinet work in the best styles of the past and the most attractive taste of the present day. Thus all those about to furnish may, firstly, rely on finding everything that the heart of the householder can wish for, or the lust of the eye desire, and secondly, the customer can obtain those things he needs without that immediate outlay which is often so inconvenient and unsatisfactory.

Buying Out of Income

The system, which is already pretty well known, for it has been in excellent working order for some few years, is broadly this: All Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander's furniture in their showrooms is marked plainly with the fixed price. The buyer chooses the things that he likes best, and then arranges with the firm either to pay cash or extend his payments over any period up to three years. If the deferred payment system is used, he pays the cash price plus 5 per cent.—not 5 per cent. per annum, but 5 per cent. on the total value of the articles purchased.

An Attractive Arrangement

The firm has long been known for its many large undertakings in regard to the furnishing and decorating of important buildings, but the present year shows a considerable advance in the beauty of their designs, and the quality of some of the goods intended for the tasteful and cultured buyer. It cannot be doubted that in our day there is a very general renaissance in regard to the arts of the home, and Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander have taken full advantage of this renewal of taste, and now carry out every detail of the decorative work in a highly sincere and artistic spirit. Among the many advances which have been made by this firm in modern work, apart from their adaptations of the most useful and beautiful styles of Tudor, Stuart, and Georgian days, is that connected with the use of leather on furniture. Some of their dining-room and study and smoking-room sets are admirable examples of the excellent effect to be obtained by the use of fine colours in leather. No covering for chairs, settees, and sofas is quite so agreeable and useful as a really good leather. But there has been a tendency among the furnishing firms not to take advantage of the many beautiful colours which can be applied to this material. Messrs. Wolfe and Hollander, however, make full use of this aid to a distinguished effect, with the result that there is a certain charm and individuality about their work which one often looks for in vain. The best advice one could give concerning this house would be to ask the reader to go through the showrooms himself. There are so many beautiful things there, and there are so many advantages in the firm's system of business, that there can be no doubt that both the buyer and the seller will be well satisfied. Those unable to pay a visit should write for their splendidly illustrated catalogue showing specimens of their unique designs

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

Experiments Progressing Favourably: M. Delagrange makes a successful flight of two kilometres

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Messrs. Henri Farman and Delagrange are evidently bringing the question of aerial flight into the everyday occurrences of life. Farman flew two kilometres last week with great ease and at a very good pace, while Delagrange, with some success, carried Farman as a passenger. The aeroplane, though an accomplished fact, is yet in a primitive state so far as the public are concerned, and before long it is probable that the pioneers will discover ways and means to do away with much of the present vast expanse of canvas. By the way, what *has* happened to the Brothers Wright? This talented couple claimed, or their friends claimed for them, to have solved the mystery of flight, and their invention, it was said, was sold to the German Government. We have never seen the Wrights' aeroplane on this side of the water, and it seems doubtful if we ever shall!

Car-icature—No. LXV.: M. Henri Farman

"Professor of Flying to the Human Race." Mr. Farman is, incidentally, the son of an English journalist in Paris, though he has become a naturalised French subject. He has long been carrying out experiments in the art of aviation, and his first notable success was the winning of the Deutsch-Archdeacon prize for flying a distance of one kilometre

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

* * *

There are several interesting exhibits at Cordingley's Show, although it is evident that it is not the Show it once was, and it is rather significant of the times that a great deal of the floor-space should be allotted to a firm selling second-hand cars. But for the man of moderate means who contemplates becoming an owner, there are some very interesting cars to be purchased. Last week The Bystander published a photograph of the 14-16 h.-p. four-cylinder "F.N." car, a Belgian production turned out by the Fabrique Nationale D'Armes de Guerre, and one of which is owned by the Crown Prince of Germany. It is a comparatively light and moderately priced car, and is very fast. The main feature of the engine is the adoption of the off-set principle of construction—that is to say, the crank-shaft is set to one side in relation to the piston. If an imaginary line were drawn through the centre of one of the pistons and extended down to the crank-shaft, this line would not cut the centre of the latter, but would be to one side of it. It is claimed that this system minimises the wear of the cylinder walls. The carburettor of the "F.N" car is quite a good piece of engineering work, and the ignition used is high-tension magneto. The normal speed of the engine is 1,400 r.p.m. The agents for this really most excellent and cheap car—for its price, with Palmer Cord tyres, is only £350—are the "F.N." Motor Agency, 108, Great Portland Street, London, W.

* * *

At Cordingley's, also, the new Pick car is attracting a good deal of attention among visitors. To get a four-cylinder 14-16 h.-p. car for £165 seems as though we were approaching the millennium. The Reo cars are the most prominent exhibits of the Show, but there is no necessity for me to dwell at length on these excellent cars, as they have been dealt with from time to time in these columns, but I may say they take a lot of beating at the price.

* * *

A few months ago there appeared in the columns of a well-known paper the following prophecy:—"The time will soon arrive when no sensible tourist will

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"NEVER SLIP"

C.D.C.

dream of buying a car, the chains of which are exposed to and destined to be rendered noisy and inefficient by sand, mud, and rain." It is interesting to note that the makers of the Sunbeam Car originated the ideal method, not only of protecting, but automatically lubricating, the chains. This well-known firm, so far back as 1903, were awarded special medals by the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland for oil-bath chain-cases. The new Sunbeam models — 20 h.-p. and 35 h.-p. cars—embody all the latest and exclusive Sunbeam improvements, and are thoroughly up to date in every detail.

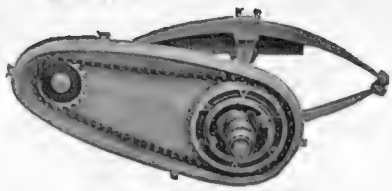
COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Miscellanea

Unfortunately, as the motor pages in this week's issue had to go to press earlier than usual, and the Olympia Show did not open until Friday last, I am compelled to reserve lengthy comment on the motor launches until the next number of THE BYSTANDER.

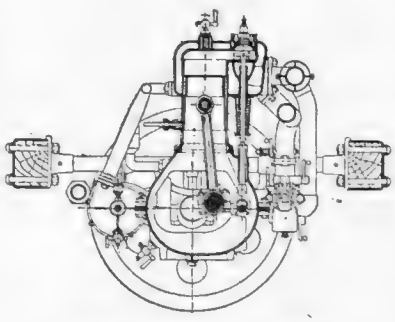
The Wolseley Company, whose stand, No. 113, forms a prominent feature of the Marine Section of the Olympia Exhibition, show examples of their 12 h.-p., 16 h.-p., and 30 h.-p. marine engines, as well as three fully equipped launches. The 12 h.-p. motoris fitted with the new Wolseley paraffin carburettor, with which, I learn, wonderfully good results are being obtained. The most important of the launches is a beautiful 35ft. 50 h.-p. six-cylinder fast pleasure launch of the new design which the Company have adopted for this class of boat, and it can be driven at a high speed without soaking the passengers with spray. This boat is fitted with the six-cylinder Wolseley-Siddeley marine engine, having cylinders 4⅝in. bore by 5in. stroke, developing about 55 b.h.-p. at 1,000 r.p.m. Of the other two boats exhibited, one is a 28ft. 18 h.-p. seagoing launch, and the other an example of the new 12 h.-p. Wolseley standardised launches. The former is a charming model, with considerable sheer and beam, yet capable of a sustained speed of 12 m.p.h. The 12 h.-p. standardised launch should be one of the features of the Show, since for the first time a leading firm has attempted to offer the public a first-class motor launch at a low price by constructing at the same time a large number of exactly similar boats. These launches, which only cost £250, are of a very comfortable, roomy type, are 25ft. long, while they have 5ft. 6in. beam. They are fitted with the Wolseley new type 12 h.-p. motor with separate reversing gear, and can be equipped with the new paraffin carburettor if desired. They have a speed of 9 m.p.h.

In our issue of February 26 the price of "The Cost of Running a Motor-Car" (published by the London and Paris Exchange, Limited) was erroneously stated to be *7s.*, post free. The handbook is really gratuitous.



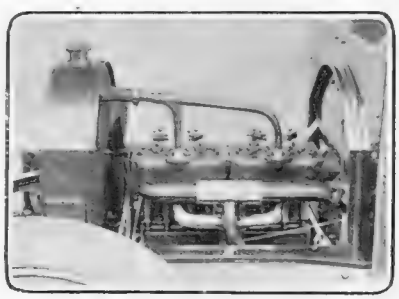
The Sunbeam Gear in its Case

The chief feature of Sunbeam cars, like Sunbeam cycles, is "the little oil bath," which makes such a difference to the ease of running



A Diagram of the "F.N." Engine

Its main feature is the adoption of the off-set principle of construction, *i.e.*, the crank-shaft is set to one side in relation to the piston, which, it is claimed, minimises the wear of the cylinder walls



A Side-view of the "F.N." Engine

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Photo *Halftones*

Trying to Break the 1,000 Miles Record: H. G. Olley starts from High Barnet

Riding a No. 5 Rudge-Whitworth Speediron, weighing 21½lb., H. G. Olley, the famous vegetarian cyclist and record-breaker, made a start from High Barnet last week in his attempt to break the 1,000 miles record. Holding the machine is Andrews, his trainer, while in the rear is Mr. Bedlake, the time-keeper

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"I examined the gears to-day, and cannot find the least sign of wear.

"I am thoroughly satisfied with her, and must congratulate you on turning out such a smart and reliable car."

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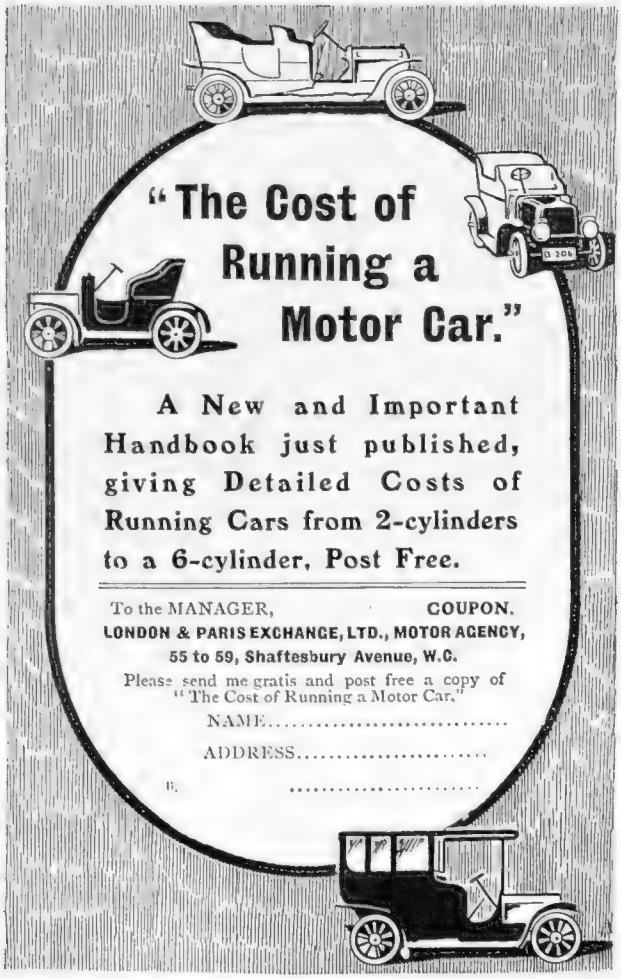

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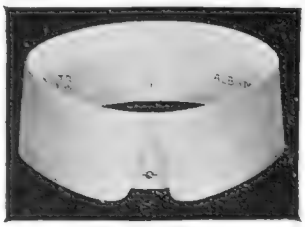

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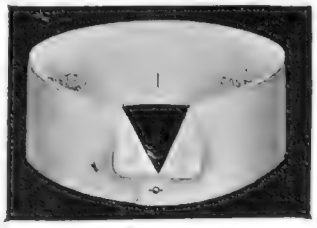

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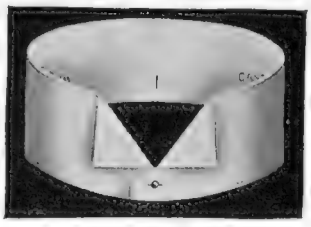

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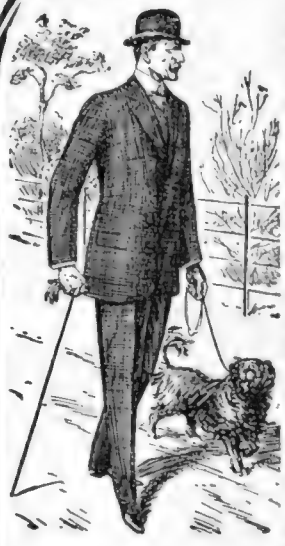

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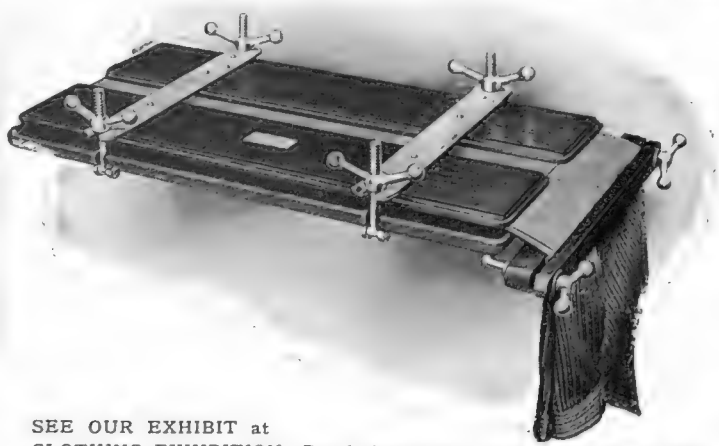

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By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"The Roman Empire." By H. Stuart Jones, M.A. (Fisher Unwin: 5s.)
"Paradise Court." By J. S. Fletcher. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)
"Paraguayon Shannon." By E. Hugh O'Donnell. (P. S. King and Son.)
"Irene of the Ringlets." By Horace Wyndham. (Milne · 6s.)
"A Daughter of Belial." By Basil Tozer. (Rebman.)

I am sorry to hear that Mr. Meredith has not been so well lately. Influenza has not spared the aged novelist, having visited his *chalet* at Boxhill very quickly in the wake of the enthusiasts who journeyed thither to congratulate him on his eightieth birthday. It was in consequence of a similar celebration, it may be remembered, that Mr. Chamberlain fell a victim to his present lingering illness. It is just a point whether it is altogether judicious to organise these collective visitations to the resting-places of aged celebrities. Imposing, as they inevitably must, a severe strain on the personage honoured, they are not as wise as they are well-intentioned. Literary enthusiasts, too, are not always, from the standpoint of the octogenarian, the most restful of visitors.

* * *

The Irish Question having again been forced into the front rank of political controversies by the highly important series of articles now running in THE BYSTANDER, under the title of "The Great Irish Conspiracy," notice is demanded by Mr. Hugh O'Donnell's very remarkable and interesting book, *Paraguay on Shannon* (P. S. King and Son). Mr. O'Donnell was, it will be remembered, Biggar's co-operator in Parliament in the great work of obstruction, and was formerly a friend of Parnell. He differs from the rest of the Catholic Nationalists, however, by a violent opposition to the "political priesthood," which he seems to hold responsible more than anything else for the present miserable condition of the Irish people. The articles on another page deal sufficiently fully with the evils to which Mr. O'Donnell draws attention. As a book, *Paraguay on Shannon* is eminently readable. It has a bludgeon-like humour, and the author's stock of vituperative phraseology is as nearly as possible proportionate to the sincerity of his convictions. The book contains a voluminous array of facts and figures, and leaves one with the impression that *Paraguay on Shannon* is, indeed, a fitting description of the Emerald Isle.

* * *

Mr. E. R. Punshon calls his new novel *The Choice* (Ward Lock: 6*s*.). He is, however, hardly to be congratulated on his own. Surely, if he could not have selected a cleverer plot, it would have been easy to discover a less hackneyed setting of it than among Russian exiles in London. The heroine is forced to choose between saving her father's life and wrecking her husband's. Her father has been arrested in Russia and sentenced to death. It is in her power to save him. By agreeing to a formal marriage with one Nicholas Kamff, she can release, for the use of the Revolutionary Committee, certain funds, which will be employed to save her father's life. After a lot of hum-ski's and ha-ski's, the girl agrees to this ridiculous proposal, deserts her husband, and becomes the nominal wife of the other man. That unfortunate creature (a penniless artist) contrives, however, as a result of a crude coincidence, to locate his wife. He personates the butler of the household, and to revenge himself on her for her supposed infidelity dances silent attendance upon her. The story then wanders off into side issues to an unconvincing conclusion. Mr. Punshon displays in this story extremely little originality of device or narrative method, and none whatever of characterisation. Use is made of crude melodramatic coincidences, and the general weakness of the story is not even atoned for by the author's fairly realistic descriptions of East-End life and servants' dialogue.

* * *

Mr. Horace Wyndham has at least one resemblance to Mr. George Bernard Shaw. He has the effrontery to refer to himself in his own works! Let it be at

THE GARDEN OF No. 10, DOWNING STREET, THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE PRIME MINISTER

(*Reproduced from "No. 10 Downing Street," by permission of Messrs. Duckworth*)

once sa'd, however, that, unlike Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wyndham does not refer to himself flatteringly. On the contrary, he stigmatises one of his own books—a book which in these columns I treated as a serious work of fiction—as "rubbish." "Very likely," remarks an authoress in *Irene of the Ringlets* (Milne: 6*s*.), referring to Mr. Wyndham's novel, *The Flare of the Footlights;* "he's always writing rubbish." Personally, I don't agree at all with Mr. Wyndham's home-made detractor. I find his novels, which deal one and all with stage life, exceedingly bright and entertaining. *Irene of the Ringlets*, like the author's previous volumes, is a taking and readable little romance of stage life, which affords the ever-curious reader an admirable idea of its vicissitudes. The heroine, however, is more fortunate than most of her species, obtaining notability and an aristocratic lover with the smallest amount of effort. Coralie Bangs, the leading lady in "The Belle of Bond Street," is a faithful portrait of the period. Mr. Wyndham has, I should imagine, as a one-time theatre manager, not had the pleasantest of experiences in this direction.

* * *

Mr. Basil Tozer blossoms out as a novelist in *A Daughter of Belial* (Rebman: 6*s*.). It is less a novel, however, than a sensational episode. George Hare, a young journalist, addicted to the habit of answering strange advertisements in quest of copy, encounters an extremely mysterious widow, whom he discovers to be a most infamous monster, of vampire-ish proclivities. I am glad to see Mr. Tozer's fertile imagination added to the resources of modern fiction. He has descriptive power, an eye to sensational effect, and is a mine of dark and mysteriously acquired information. *A Daughter of Belial* is a thrilling piece of work; but I hope that in his next novel Mr. Tozer will "spread himself" a little more, and take us over a wider field of romance than is afforded by the iniquities of Queenie Gordon, who appertains more unto the short story than the novel.

Photo *Russell*

Mr. J. S. Fletcher

Author of "Paradise Court" (Unwin: 6*s*.) and other novels

* * *

I am very, very fond of the conventional bachelor of fiction, and am glad Mr. J. S. Fletcher is loyal to him for the rôle of hero in *Paradise Court* (Unwin: 6*s*.). John Aubrey Rivington is his name, and he is quite up to standard. He lights cigarettes, he "walks leisurely" down Piccadilly, he "toys" with his jewelled cane, he "selects" a cigar, and "mixes" himself a peg of whisky-and-soda. And, at the psychological moment, when he is "wondering vaguely" about something or another, he, in the most approved fashion, is suddenly amazed at something else, and exclaims, "My God!"

* * *

Nor am I disappointed at the subsequent adventures of the young fellow. The girl he has admired has been kidnapped, and he has to go on her track. Discovering her—*en route* for Paris—he is horrified to realise that she knows him not. Ha! She must be hypnotised. Resolved: To discover villain who holds her soul in hideous thrall. Plenty of dark busine.s, and then the hypnotist and his motive are traced. She is held under the spell by a Russian revolutionary (wh t *would* the novelists of the day do without him?) with a view to making her the unwilling assassin of a hated Russian grandee. Never mind the melodramatic conventionality of all this. Mr. Fletcher, who can, when he likes, write the best type of novel at present being written, evidently knows how to do the "pot boiler" as well as, or rather better than, a good many authors of baser metal. *Paradise Court* whiles away an evening—but the nervously inclined are to be forewarned *not* to read it to the finish immediately before retiring to rest, for the happenings at the climax incline towards the gruesome.

* * *

The *Roman Empire* history of Mr. Fisher Unwin's admirable "Story of the Nations" series, written by Mr. Stuart Jones, M.A., is to be recommended to the modern Mr. Boffin, who has neither the time to devour Gibbon, nor the assistance of a Silas Wegg to administer it to him. The history covers the period from the beginning of the Empire to the *débâcle*. Most illuminating are the chapters dealing with Marcus Aurelius, Aurelian, Constantine, and Julian the Apostate, which are fuller and more discursive than those bearing on the early Cæsars. Too little, I think, is said on the question of the influence of Christianity on the later Emperors—so splendidly dealt with by Mr. Robinson Souttar in his *History of Mediæval Peoples*. As Mr. Stuart Jones has some suggestive critical comments to make on the influence of other Eastern religious beliefs on Rome, it is a pity he omits to consider more fully that of the most important of them all. The rise of Christianity is, after all, one of the chiefest interests of Roman history to the modern student.

* * *

A most attractive little booklet, interesting from a literary and artistic point of view, as well as a guide to one of London's new palaces of entertainment, is issued by the Piccadilly Hotel. A description is given of Piccadilly Palaces—old and new. Piccadilly, we know, was always associated by the poets of old with palaces, and the new hotel should do something, at all events, to revive this tradition. The photographs and reproductions of engravings which adorn its pages alone make the booklet a thing to be possessed.

* * *

When the question of the Premiership is once more in the balance, and Cabinet changes are the order of the day, a book to be noted is the very fascinating history of Downing Street by Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe (Duckworth). It gives an exhaustive historical survey of the great house and its various occupants, from the early seventeenth century to date. It contains many fine plates of the various Premiers and Chancellors, and a frontispiece of Sir George Downing. Though his name is so constantly on our lips in connection with the great street of which he was the founder, but little is known of his personality.

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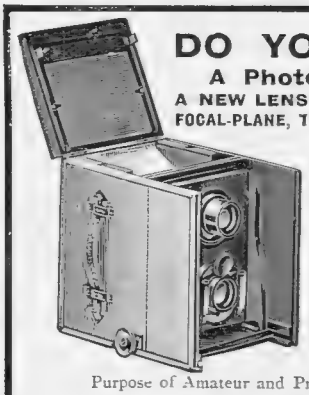

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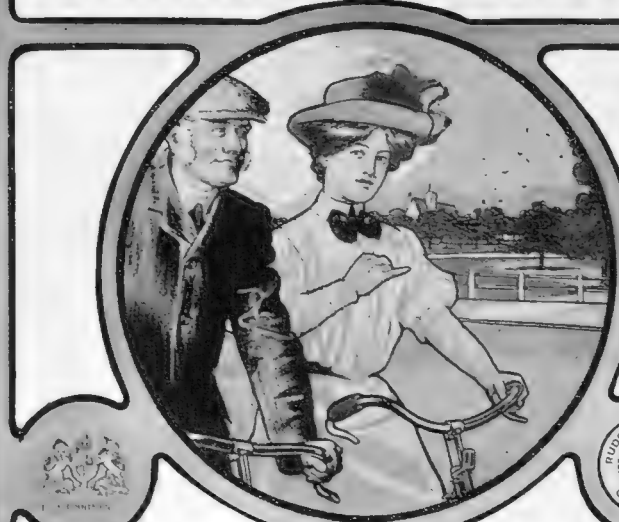

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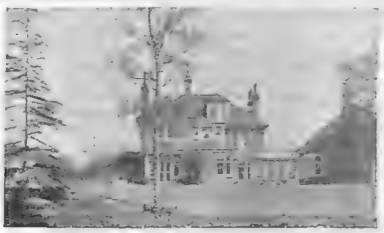

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GENUINE XVTH CENTURY RESIDENCE.

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SUSSEX (in quaint old town of Rye).—For SALE, an old-world RESIDENCE, of great archæological interest, *possibly formerly one of the religious houses built in the reign of Edward IV.* Hall or lounge, oak-panelled and beamed, with two Tudor doorways, one with Tudor roses; oak-panelled dining room, drawing room (22ft. by 15ft.) opening into conservatory, 2 staircases, 4 bedrooms (one fitted with bath), attics and offices. *In the dining room is a remarkable fresco, over 500 years, 19ft. long and 9ft. high, of unusual design and vividly executed.* Outbuildings and garden. Extensive land and sea views; cottage.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

CLOSE TO THE FAMOUS WALTON HEATH GOLF COURSE.

45 MINS. FROM CITY AND WEST END.

ADJACENT TO BEAUTIFUL HEATH.—For SALE, or Unfurnished, on moderate terms, this singularly charming modern RESIDENCE, enjoying a remarkably healthy, picturesque, and secluded position,

600FT. ABOVE SEA, ON SANDY SOIL.

Dry, invigorating air. Lovely views. Entrance hall (20ft. by 18ft.), lounge hall, (16ft. by 16ft.), dining room (30ft. by 18ft. 6in.), drawing room, morning room, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bath, servants' hall, etc. Stabling, and rooms over.

GROUNDS OF GREAT NATURAL BEAUTY,

including shady lawns, walled kitchen garden, orchard, and paddock. Electric light. Company's water. Whole in perfect order.—Strongly recommended by the Agents, HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

Offices: 2 & 3, COCKSPUR STREET, PALL MALL, S.W. *Branch Office at Wimbledon.*

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

TO YACHTSMEN PARTICULARLY.
UNIQUE SITUATION.
ABOUT 2 HOURS OF TOWN.

MARINE PROPERTY OF 3 ACRES FOR SALE.—Attractive HOUSE, situated on sand soil, in a sunny and bracing position: 4 reception, billiard, and 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; winter garden; stabling for 4; cottage; old-world pleasure grounds sloping to the water's edge, with landing. Price very moderate.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,854)

HANTS (in a pleasant situation, 500ft. above the sea), about a mile from church, post and telegraph office, within easy drive of Winchester, and in the centre of the H.H.).—For SALE, an attractive RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, comprising a charming old-fashioned Farmhouse, in splendid repair, and standing well back from the road, with due South aspect: square hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, dressing, and bathroom; stabling for 5; the land extends to about 28 acres, is mostly pasture, and is nicely sheltered by some fine grown trees; numerous useful outbuildings.—Price and further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (3,883)

NORTH RIDING OF YORKSHIRE.
BETWEEN WHITBY AND PICKERING.

AN ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD SPORTING ESTATE of about 785 acres, known as "ELLERON LODGE," situate 5 miles from Pickering Station, and including a comfortable House, containing: drawing and dining rooms, good billiard room, and 7 principal bedrooms; stabling for 7; old-world gardens, tennis lawns, woodland walks, ornamental lake and trout stream; productive kitchen garden; model farmery; 2 lodge entrances and cottages; home farm of 200 acres; beautiful woodlands with rhododendron walks, and grouse moor. The Estate will be offered in one Lot by

Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY,

at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, London, E.C., in July, 1908, unless previously disposed of by private treaty.—Illustrated particulars with plan can be obtained of J. D. WHITEHEAD, Esq., Solicitor, Pickering; or of the Auctioneers, at their offices, 9, Conduit Street, London, W.

THE SUMMER MONTHS.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY are now receiving applications, and invite owners desirous of LETTING to send particulars without delay.

FOR THE SUMMER, OR WOULD BE SOLD.
HERTS. 30 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

THE ABOVE PERFECT HOUSE, delightfully situated 300ft. above sea level, on gravel soil, in well-timbered grounds of 20 acres, including woodland. The House is in first-rate order, and is lighted by electricity, and contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bedrooms, bathroom, and every convenience; there is excellent stabling and outbuildings, etc.; the grounds are well timbered, and include tennis lawn, shady walks, good kitchen garden, etc.—Further particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (2,688)

A CHOICE AND VALUABLE FREEHOLD RIVERSIDE PROPERTY.
WOODSIDE, MAIDENHEAD.
On a favourite reach of the River Thames, 2 miles from Taplow and Maidenhead Stations.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY will SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on Wednesday, May 13, 1908, at 2 o'clock (unless previously disposed of), an exceptionally charming Freehold RIVERSIDE PROPERTY, occupying a choice position, commanding superb views of the celebrated Clieveden Woods; hunting with several packs, unrivalled boating and fishing facilities, golf; 5 reception, 10 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 staircases, usual domestic offices, including housekeeper's room and servants' hall; Company's water and gas. National telephone. Two cottages. Model dairy, detached stabling. Delightfully disposed pleasure grounds, wide-spreading lawns for tennis and croquet, flower garden, roseries, fruit and vegetable gardens, glasshouses, and rich meadowland, in all about 11½ acres. The Property will first be offered as a whole.—Illustrated particulars and conditions of sale may be obtained of Messrs. HARRISON and DAVIES, Solicitors, 13, Great James Street, Bedford Row, W.C.; or of the Auctioneers, 9, Conduit Street, W.

A BUILDING SITE of over ½ an acre in Victoria Grove, East Cowes, on high land overlooking the Recreation Ground, and near the Royal Naval School at Osborne, will be SOLD by AUCTION on May 13, unless sold privately beforehand.—Apply KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

THE ENTIRE CONTENTS OF AN EXCELLENT HOUSE IN DERBY

WILL BE SOLD BY AUCTION on the premises on April 14 and 15. The Catalogue includes a large orchestrion, an old-English chamber organ in fine Sheraton case, a concert grand piano by Erard, a boudoir grand by Brinsmead, a harp, the

IMPORTANT COLLECTION OF PICTURES,

a noble suite of life-size bronzes formerly belonging to Isabella, Queen of Spain, the complete appointments of the dining room in carved oak, gilt drawing room furniture, china, decorative items, and general equipment.—Catalogues may be had of Messrs. J. and W. HEATHCOTE, Auctioneers, Exchange Street, Derby, or of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, the Conduit Street Auction Galleries, London, W.

TOWN HOUSES FOR THE SEASON.

MESSRS. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY have a choice selection of Furnished TOWN HOUSES to offer for the season in the following localities:

MAYFAIR	KENSINGTON
BELGRAVIA	HYDE PARK
PORTMAN ESTATE	PORTLAND ESTATE

A detailed list will be forwarded on receipt of applicant's requirements.

BY DIRECTION OF THE EXECUTORS OF THE LATE SIR J. LAWSON WALTON, K.C.

42, GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE. — This unusually light and sunny RESIDENCE can now be TREATED for PRIVATELY. The accommodation comprises: on the ground floor, morning room, study, and dining room; first floor (parquet flooring), boudoir and fine drawing room; second floor, 3 bedrooms and bathroom; third floor, 5 bedrooms; also butler's bedroom in basement.

ONE OF THE FINEST HOUSES IN BELGRAVIA, situated in the very best position facing South, may be TREATED for PRIVATELY, with or without the valuable contents. The accommodation comprises: 16 bed, dressing, and bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, and billiard room; stabling for 5 horses. Lease about 59 years; low Ground Rent.—Price and further particulars on application to Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (7,884)

FAVOURITE PART OF HERTFORDSHIRE.
FIRST-RATE TRAIN SERVICE.

TO BE SOLD, the above beautiful little RESIDENCE, in the Queen Anne cottage style, standing in its own grounds of 8 acres, the feature of which is a shady dell of 2½ acres, with rustic steps, winding walks, and shady nooks, forming in the summer a delightful retreat. The House has been built and equipped at a large expense, and the owner is willing to make a considerable sacrifice to secure a quick sale. The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; first-rate stabling and outbuildings.—Full particulars and photos of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W., who have inspected (3,757)

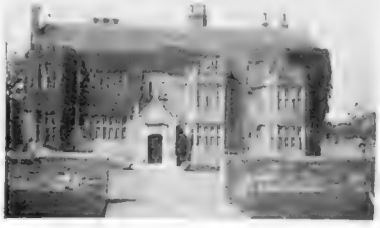
IN LOVELY OLD GROUNDS.

30 MINUTES OF TOWN.—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, an attractive old fashioned RESIDENCE, standing well back from the road, with lodge entrance: billiard, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, and capital offices; stabling for 4, double coach-house, harness and cleaning rooms; 2 cottages, and range of model farm buildings; modern sanitary arrangements; Company's water; gravel soil; 1 mile of excellent golf course; lovely old pleasure grounds, with some fine specimen trees, tennis and croquet lawns, rosery, herbaceous borders, carnation and peach-houses; highly productive kitchen garden and fruit garden, well-grown ornamental woodland and several rich paddocks, in all about 26½ acres.—Further particulars of the Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,863)

FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.
30 MINUTES NORTH OF LONDON.

TO BE LET, a comfortable old GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; telephone; stabling for 5 horses.—Full particulars from KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (F 796)

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.—To be LET, Furnished, a beautiful old JACOBEAN MANOR HOUSE, standing in heavily timbered old-world grounds. The accommodation comprises:



beautiful old panelled hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and good offices and stabling.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (F 1,283)

MAGNIFICENT POSITION ON THE CHILTERNS.
1½ MILES FROM STATION. 50 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, charming HOUSE standing in park-like meadows of about 60 acres, with lodge entrance. The accommodation comprises: fine lounge hall, 3 large reception rooms, 13 principal bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, attics for 4 or 5 maidservants, and accommodation for menservants if required; good stabling and outbuildings, etc.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W.

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY

Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE,

10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.

Telegraphic Address: "WALTONS, LONDON."

IN A DELIGHTFUL PART OF SURREY (about 1 mile from a station on the L.B. and S.C.Ry., whence London is reached in about 45 minutes).—To be SOLD, this exceptionally choice Freehold RESIDENCE, standing high, and commanding grand views; carriage drive approach, 2 picturesque lodges; panelled entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for 6. The entire premises are electrically lighted, and gas is laid as far as the entrance gates; Company's water and first-rate modern sanitation; park-like pasture-lands, plantations, sheet of ornamental water, Dutch garden, croquet and tennis lawns, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, in all about 16 acres. The Property adjoins an ancient forest, and is close to a golf course. In order TO WIND UP AN ESTATE, this choice Property would be SOLD at a GREAT SACRIFICE.—Full details, views, and plans may be seen at the offices of Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (21,272)

BETWEEN LONDON AND BRIGHTON (4½ miles from a station, about 1 hour from the City and West End).—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above charmingly situated COUNTRY HOUSE, commanding most extensive views, and entirely surrounded by its own well-disposed grounds and park-like lands of 44 acres: 4 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bath, etc.; detached billiard room; Company's water; modern drainage; stabling for 4; 2 cottages, etc.—Strongly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,555)

30 MINUTES FROM THE CITY

BRENTWOOD AND INGATESTONE (between).—This charming COUNTRY HOUSE, with stabling, farmery, beautiful but inexpensive pleasure grounds, and small well-timbered park of 35 acres. To be SOLD, price £8,000: 12 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.), billiard room, large reception rooms, ample offices; carriage drive approach, with entrance lodge. Included in the sale are 14 good cottages with gardens; first-class hunting with two packs; near polo ground, and easy reach of golf links: high situation; 1½ miles from 2 stations.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,474)

ILLUSTRATED COUNTRY REGISTERS

FREE ON APPLICATION.

MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant. — Offices, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

MIDLAND MAIN LINE (a little over an hour from London).—A valuable and attractive RESIDENTIAL and SPORTING ESTATE of over 2,000 acres for SALE (or the Residence would be LET, Furnished, with the shooting); exceptional sporting facilities, coverts for rearing a large number of pheasants; 900 partridges, good wild duck shooting. The Tudor Mansion is delightfully situated, about 400ft. above sea, in the midst of old-world pleasure grounds, and is surrounded by undulating and well-timbered parkland; electric light, modern drainage, and every comfort and convenience; spacious stabling, coachman's accommodation; beautifully timbered but inexpensive grounds, cottages, etc.; the estate comprises a number of farms, with suitable buildings and homesteads, all let to a first-class tenantry. Included in the Sale is an Advowson, also manorial rights.—Further particulars of WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,878)

IN THE PRETTIEST PART OF HERTFORDSHIRE, amidst absolutely rural surroundings, 2 miles from a station, and 35 minutes only from the City.—An exceptional opportunity now occurs of securing at a very moderate price a singularly choice little PROPERTY of about 10 acres, with old-fashioned Residence, in perfect order; stabling; gardens, and well-timbered park-like surroundings. This Property is for SALE on account of the owner going abroad. — It has been personally inspected and is very strongly recommended as a bargain by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (22,553)

ESHER AND OXSHOTT DISTRICT (on outskirts of pretty village in this favourite neighbourhood, 5 minutes' walk from golf links).—5,000 gns. will PURCHASE this capital COUNTRY HOUSE, standing in beautiful grounds of about 5 acres; tennis and croquet lawns, orchard and paddock; stabling for 3 horses, and coachman's rooms; 10 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 good reception rooms, and offices; 10 minutes' walk from station. More land can be had. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (20,502)

TO YACHTSMEN AND OTHERS.

HANTS (near the Solent, on borders of New Forest). — Price £3,300 for a charming COUNTRY HOUSE, with stabling for 3, farmery, 3 cottages, attractive pleasure grounds, tennis lawns, kitchen garden, orchard and paddock, 5½ acres; beautifully situated on gravel soil; South aspect; views of the Isle of Wight: 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, and lounge hall; especially suitable for yachting men; 2 anchorages within 2 miles, easy reach of Southampton; shooting can probably be had. Or would be LET, Furnished, by the year.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,299)

WITHIN 45 MINUTES OF TOWN.

FACING A BREEZY SURREY COMMON (high and healthy situation, grand views, extending to Leith Hill; near station, 1½ miles from Redhill).—To be LET, Unfurnished or Furnished, this picturesque COUNTRY HOUSE and 4½ acres; excellent modern stabling, motor-house, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and paddock; billiard room; 3 large reception, 12 bed and dressing, 2 bathrooms, gas, water, and main drainage. Inspected.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,372)

SOUTH DEVON.

£1,400 WILL PURCHASE the above pretty BIJOU RESIDENCE, with stabling, coach-house, attractive grounds, kitchen garden and greenhouse, occupying high position, with magnificent views over the River Dart and surrounding country; 1½ miles from the sea and station; 2 miles from golf links; 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, large hall with fireplace.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,421)

AMIDST BEAUTIFUL MARINE AND MOORLAND SCENERY.

SCARBOROUGH AND WHITBY (between: 1 mile from the coast, with good bathing, 2 miles from moors, 4½ miles from Scarborough).—For SALE, the above desirable COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing high, on gravel soil, with stabling, farmery, charming gardens, grounds, and meadowland, in all nearly 20 acres; first-class trout fishing on the Property: 7 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), large lounge hall suitable for full-sized billiard room, drawing and dining rooms, and offices; electric light; modern drainage and other conveniences; House could easily be added to if required. — Inspected and highly recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (20,753)

MESSRS. WALTON & LEE, LAND AGENTS, AUCTIONEERS, & SURVEYORS.

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD. } 10, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W. { Telegrams: "WALTONS, LONDON."

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephone: 1971 (30 lines) Kensington

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD. S.W. AUCTIONEERS

TO BE SOLD OR LET, UNFURNISHED.

A RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of some 400 acres, within an hour of London, together with a beautiful old HOUSE, dating from the later Stuarts, standing in fine park, offering extensive accommodation; electrically lighted, and fitted with modern comfort. For SALE.—Full details of the Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), who have inspected.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

GENUINE JACOBEAN HOUSE (as above).—To be SOLD, in lovely grounds of 5 acres: hall, 2 reception, 8 bedrooms; stabling for 4; motor-house, farmery; whole in excellent repair; fine collection of Chippendale antique furniture would be sold with the House. Price, including Furniture, £1,000.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,399)

DORKING AND LEATHERHEAD (between, in a lovely Surrey village).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charmingly situated RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of 2 acres: 4 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling; electric light.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 6,752)

ISLE OF WIGHT in a favourite part).—Charmingly situated old-fashioned RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of 2½ acres: 4 reception, 9 bed and dressing, bathroom, 2 attics, etc.; stabling 3; golf links. Price, £2,000, Freehold.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,307)

ESSEX (good train service to City).—Exceptionally well-built RESIDENCE, pretty grounds, lawns, woodlands, etc.: 3 reception, 10 bed, bathroom; stabling for 6, motor and coach-house; 11 acres; would be sold with 3½ acres if desired.—Inspected by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 5,454)

IN A LOVELY DISTRICT.

HERTS.—The above charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE to be SOLD, standing in grandly timbered park and lovely pleasure grounds of 40 acres: suite of reception rooms, ample bedroom accommodation; extensive stabling, motor-house, lodges; excellent hunting.—Full particulars of Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,262)

RENT, £100 PER ANNUM.

SURREY, CAMBERLEY.—Charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 3 reception, 6 bed, bath; motor garage; 3 acres.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,338)

£1,750.—**SURREY HILLS** (on gravel).—Charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 2 reception, 8 bed, bathroom; 1 acre, extra land if desired; water laid on; golf links. Inspected and recommended.—HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED.

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS (on high ground, sandy soil; sheltered South aspect). — Genuine

THE ELIZABETHAN MANOR

BEAU HOUSE, amid grand old-world

IDEAL grounds and timber: 14 bed, oak-panelled hall, 3 or 4 reception; electric light; stabling, motor-house: in all 12 acres. Rent, £400 on Lease.—Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, FURNISHED.

PRICE, £2,000. RENT, FURNISHED, £150.

HANTS (1 mile of the sea), standing in grounds of 3½ acres: 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 3; telephone; hunting, golf.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,412)

AMID HEALTHY PINE AND HEATHER. SAND SOIL.

FLEET.—About 60 minutes' rail from Waterloo. The attractive and commodious

FOR SALE, FAMILY RESIDENCE,

PRIVATELY, OR "LITTLE BOUNDS": 13 bed and dressing, bath, 3 reception,

BY AUCTION square hall; stable 2; pretty grounds of 3¼ acres; 2 18-hole

ON APRIL 13. golf courses close by.—Full details of the Auctioneers, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

ONE HOUR OF LONDON.

BERKS (on G.W.Ry. main line).—To be SOLD, exceptionally choice PROPERTY, beautifully situated in charming grounds, 20 acres: 4 reception, billiard, 12 bed and dressing, bathroom; stabling, farmery, cottage. £8,000. Strongly recommended.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 6,698)

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS (within 55 minutes of London).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above charming COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in its own perfectly kept exceedingly pretty grounds and well-timbered park of about 100 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, terraces, rose walks, rockery, most productive kitchen garden, greenhouses, pretty woods, lake and trout pond. The Residence, which is most beautifully furnished, contains: lounge hall, exceedingly pretty drawing room, dining room, handsome billiard room, study, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms; good stabling, motor-house, farmery, and cottages.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6,731)

L. B. and S. C. Ry. (1 hour of London).—To be SOLD, the above charming RESIDENCE in the Tudor style, standing in prettily laid-out grounds of 8 acres, approached by long carriage drive with lodge: lounge and inner hall, 4 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 4; electric light.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,411)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

LOVELY TUNBRIDGE WELLS DISTRICT (charming situation nearly 400ft. above sea level).—8 bed, bath, 4 reception rooms; stabling, gardens, and grounds, 4 acres. Furnished for 6 months or longer.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,258)

MINUTES WATERLOO.

CLOSE TO EXCELLENT GOLF LINKS.—Modern rough-cast RESIDENCE: 4 bed, bath, 2 reception, sitting room, hall, nice garden; good boating within 10 minutes.—Personally inspected by the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,340)

2,000 ACRES SHOOTING.

SITTINGBOURNE AND FAVERSHAM (between) —The above charming RESIDENCE, in well-wooded park of 200 acres: 4 reception, billiard, 14 bed and dressing rooms; stabling; beautiful grounds; light soil. For the summer or until end of January.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 7,381)

FACING THE SEA. UNRIVALLED POSITION.

SOUTH DEVON COAST.—Charming old-fashioned HOUSE: 4 reception, 6 bed, bath, etc.; large garden; cottage with 7 rooms, etc. For the summer.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (7,175)

GORING-ON-THAMES. — Exceedingly well-placed RESIDENCE in pretty grounds of 9 acres, with river frontage: hall, fine drawing room, and 2 other reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing, bathroom, etc.; stabling 3. To LET for a year or shorter period.—Inspected by the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 5,180)

FURNISHED FOR THE SPRING AND SUMMER.

HANTS (on the Borders of the New Forest, within 1 mile of the sea).—To be LET, Furnished, for the summer months, charmingly placed RESIDENCE, surrounded by well-timbered park-like land and grounds of about 10 acres: fine entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 5; coachman's cottage.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 6,214)

TO BE SOLD OR LET, FURNISHED.

SOMERSET (commanding extensive views).—To be SOLD, a charmingly placed RESIDENCE, pretty grounds of 1½ acres: hall, 3 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling, lodge, etc.; hunting, golf, fishing. Price, £3,500.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,383)

BERKSHIRE.—A well-known COUNTRY SEAT, together with pheasant shooting over nearly 700 acres and excellent trout fishing. To be LET, partially Furnished: 22 bedrooms, 4 reception; good stabling and accommodation; charming grounds of 12 acres and park.—Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

Telegrams: "Everything, London." Telephone: 1971 (30 lines) Kensington

HARRODS (LTD.)

ESTATE AGENTS BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. AUCTIONEERS

ONE OF THE MOST CHARMING VILLAS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.

FRANCE.—To be SOLD, magnificent VILLA, in a lovely position, commanding extensive views over the Mediterranean and the Maritime Alps, with lovely grounds, including tennis court, kitchen garden, a wood of cork and ilex trees, olive grove, etc., extending in all to about 11 acres. It contains: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, bathroom, and excellent domestic offices; lodge, stabling, etc.—Further particulars of the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,002)

ON THE RIVIERA.
INSPECTED AND STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, Furnished, a charming VILLA, commanding magnificent views, standing in beautiful grounds of about 15 acres, including vineyard, olive grove, very pretty flower gardens, kitchen garden, pine wood, etc. It contains: hall, dining room, drawing room, 8 bed and dressing rooms, large bathroom, servants' hall, and excellent offices, 2 cottages, etc.; near golf links; English and Roman Catholic churches, etc.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, HARRODS, (Ltd.), as above. (U 6,905)

RIVIERA.

CANNES (on the slope of a hill, away from all motor nuisance, and protected from the mistrale and all cold winds).—Charming VILLA: 9 bed, bath, 2 halls, billiard, and 4 reception rooms; stable for 3, motor-house, 3 rooms over; beautiful gardens, inexpensive to maintain. Price, £6,000, including furniture.—Photos with owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SOUTH OF FRANCE.—Charming VILLA to LET, or for SALE, containing: 3 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms; stabling; charming grounds, extending in all to 25 acres, with pines, olives, grapes, fig trees, etc.; standing high in rural position, commanding lovely views; golf, etc.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TURKISH RÉGIE CIGARETTES

THE ONLY IMPORTED FROM TURKEY.

Prices per 100:—

SPECIAL	10/-	NAZIR	5/-
EN A'ALA	8/6	SELAM	3/6
YAKA	6/-	ASKER	2/6

Assorted Samples of 12 Cigarettes post free, on receipt of P.O. for 1/-

SOLD BY ALL TOBACCONISTS.

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THE STRONGEST

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Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By MRS. JACK MAY

The claims of the Easter Recess are already becoming an obsession. What to do and what to wear during the fortnight usually consecrated to relaxation is the staple topic of conversation, more especially where two or three women are gathered together. There seems to be something more than the usual determination to take up the rôle of the knockabout tailor-made as a momentary foil to the more exaggerated sartorialism. And it is a sign of the times that cannot be too highly commended, that the smarter the woman the more consistent are her demands. The rumour disclosed in these columns some time ago, as to the revival of the fine navy serge skirt and covert coat, is an accomplished fact, and from close observation I should think there have been more orders for this alliance, together with a certain simple all-serge costume, than any of the newer and more exaggerated styles.

The skirt, by the way, is to be bought ready-made under the most excellent auspices. The ready-to-wear skirt is a thing of the moment, and quite excellent, and I am very decidedly not of those who are able to pass a model on the merits of price alone. I have in mind at least three well-known West End emporiums where these walking *jupes*, ready and waiting to be slipped into, and made under the best tailoring auspices, the finest attention having been accorded the proper balance of the hem, can be procured. And this is distinctly something to know in the face of other unavoidable extravagances. Given a skirt of irreproachable hang and a smart trim coat, there merely remains the completion offered by a blouse or shirt to provide Easter holiday attire that is not only sensible, but eminently *chic* under the prevailing *régime*.

The Tailor-Made Shirt at Shoolbred's

By no means the least remarkable feature in connection with this evergreen tailor-built shirt at Shoolbred's lies in the fact that no one has ever attempted a rivalry on the same colossal scale. Unquestionably the lead is at Tottenham House, and although a steady demand is maintained the year through, a big rush invariably comes with the Spring, to cope with which the capable managing power has to make special and extraordinary arrangements.

For it is a fact that, thanks to unceasing supervision, and the fine accurate care that always distinguishes genuine tailor work of the hundreds and hundreds of shirts turned out in the year, the corrections can be counted on the fingers of one hand. And it must be borne in mind that approximately a third of the orders come by post, with filled up self-measurement forms. Now, these forms are as simple as can be, and, properly followed, seldom give the slightest trouble. Nevertheless, when opportunity arises to render a personal visit possible, success is certainly made doubly secure, and there is just a whole world of difference between one of these perfectly turned-out shirts of Shoolbred's and the ordinary sloppy ready-made article. The one is a genuinely smart possession, the other an irremediable horror.

The actual style of the season's model is shown in the accompanying sketch, a small back view disclosing the outline of the yoke, while a pointed cuff has taken the place of the old-time straight band. Unless particularly ordered to the contrary, all the shirts are made with collar-bands, and this provides an auspicious moment in which to mention that the department has stocked all the latest thoughts in neckwear in the shape of stocks, collars, and natty little made-up cravats for adjusting in front.

Then to the important detail of material, the choice this year having been brought to over 1,000 different selections. Lacella, depicted in sketch, is a novelty in mercerised cotton, the ground being white with coloured stripes, a material that comes out at 12*s.* 6*d.* the shirt. Another fresh departure is a thin gossamer shirting

Photo *Manuel*

A Princesse Cloth Skirt, with a Soft Corsage, seen at the Maison Beer, Paris

patterned in a set design, the perfection of cool wear, as is also the incomparable Queens Wear, which nothing can surpass in its way. An unshrinkable gauze cashmere is another triumph, although all these goods are practically unshrinkable, as behoves their general adaptation to men's garments.

Japleen, that remarkable combination of Egyptian cotton and silk, has been considerably augmented in point of design and colouring, all the innovations governed by the exigencies of the laundress, though Japleen washes like the proverbial rag, and retains a self-respecting appearance to the end. It is impossible to overdo the praise exacted by these tailor-made shirts at Shoolbred's, which in their own particular line of country stand a real triumph of sartorial skill.

A Dainty Tailor-Made Shirt in Lacella

(Sketched at Shoolbred's by Dorothy Millar)

The Princesse Cloth Skirt with Soft Little Corsage

Although in sort a quick revival, the corselet, or Princesse skirt, as it is called, of twelve months ago, has advanced considerably in point of effect, the mistake very seldom occurring of attempting to separate this from its soft upper part. On the latter an infinity of taste and originality is expended, groups of fine tucking alternating with inset lines of lace or embroidery.

The example illustrated is a design of Beer's, and is carried throughout in black, the corsage, however, lightened by a *doublure* of white.

A New Bonnet Shop

Mrs. Cunliffe Owen, under the name of Madame Robert, in that centre of the world modistic—Dover Street—has opened a millinery, lingerie, and blouse business which deserves to succeed. Mrs. Cunliffe Owen, who is well known in London, especially in connection with her organisation of some most successful dances, is the daughter-in-law of the late Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, for many years Director of South Kensington Museum. Having, through a defaulting trustee, lately lost the greater part of her income, she has turned to practical account her marked talent for millinery, and at the beautiful premises which she has taken at 25, Dover Street is showing some really lovely hats of exceptionally varied and charming design, an inspection of which I can confidently recommend to lady readers of The Bystander.

The Menu: HOUSEHOLD COOKERY—DAINTY DISHES

Fricasseed Scallops
Veal Olives with Tomato Sauce
Fillet of Beef à la Viennoise
Savoury Butter or Haricot Beans
Baked Salsify

Fricasseed Scallops

Cook one and a half dozen large scallops in a stewpan with just sufficient slightly salted water to cover, add the juice of half a lemon, a small sliced onion, and a small blade of mace. Cover the pan, and allow to simmer for quarter of an hour, then take out the mace and onion. Mix 1½oz. of butter with a tablespoonful of flour, stir in half a gill of cream and half a gill of stock or milk. Add this to the scallops, and cook them for another fifteen or twenty minutes. Season with salt and pepper, and serve.

Veal Olives with Tomato Sauce

Cut into rather thin slices 1½lb. of veal (the fillet is best) shape them into ovals, and flatten out the ends by means of a cutlet-bat, chop the trimmings finely, together with 2oz. of cooked ham or bacon and three or four mushrooms. Mix these with a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, 1oz. of breadcrumbs, and two yolks of eggs, season with salt and pepper, and mix well. Spread one side of the veal slices with a layer of this mixture and roll each up, tie with a piece of thin string and place them in a braising-pan lined with slices of bacon, a sliced carrot and onion previously fried with a little butter. Allow the veal rolls to brown a little over a brisk fire, then add a gill of stock, one and a half gills of tomato sauce, and a small glass of sherry. Cover the pan and put it in the oven to cook for about half an hour. Take out the meat rolls, remove the string, and keep them hot. Strain the sauce and pour over the meat, and serve hot.

Fillets of Beef à la Viennoise

Chop finely, or pass through the mincing machine, 1lb. of lean beef, put it in a basin, and add half a finely chopped onion, 4oz. breadcrumbs, salt and pepper to taste, and one egg to bind, shape into fillets, and fry in butter. Peel and slice half a Spanish onion, divide into rings, dip each into milk and flour, and fry in hot fat. Chop finely the other half, fry in butter, add a little brown sauce, and cook to a purée. Dish up the fillets, spread the onion purée on the top of each, garnish the sides with the fried onion rings, and serve very hot.

Savoury Butter or Haricot Beans

Soak half a pint of either butter or haricot beans overnight in cold water with a little piece of soda. Drain and put them in a stewpan with 1oz. of butter, let them get thoroughly hot, add enough stock or water to cover well, boil up, skim, and let simmer. Peel and chop one small onion, fry it lightly for a few minutes, then put it with the beans, season with pepper and a very little salt, cook slowly till tender, pile on a hot dish, and sprinkle over with some finely chopped parsley. This is a very good vegetarian dish.

Baked Salsify

Scrape, wash, and cut into short pieces a bundle of salsify, and put them into a basin of cold water, containing lemon-juice or vinegar. Drain the salsify, and cook in stock or water till tender. Heat up one and a half gills of rich white sauce, put in the salsify, and blend both carefully. Put the salsify and sauce in an enamel-lined dish, which has been buttered, sprinkle over some breadcrumbs, and add a few small pieces of butter. Bake for ten minutes in a good oven, and serve. Chicory can be treated in the same way.

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A Woman's Note Book

Women's Clubs—

A writer in a contemporary has been inquiring if club-life is good for women. Quite possibly it depends upon the woman. It is the old question recurring, of the clashing between private and public, between home and the world. Anyway, as things at present stand, club-life is so much a necessity for a large and growing number of women, that having got it (with much difficulty) we couldn't possibly do without it. But, of course, like all other good things, it is to be used and not abused; and those who make it a substitute for home are clearly abusing it. Women are so much in the world to-day that their habits demand many of the conveniences which have been found necessary for men in like circumstances. Business and professional women need their clubs; even from a social point of view they are distinctly useful. Of course, in the cases, which certainly exist, when women find these said institutions so cosy and satisfactory that home-ties are allowed to languish, club-life is admittedly a drawback; but this is also the case when men act in a similar manner. This has been the complaint of wives, as well as husbands, for many years. We venture to suggest that where these exceptions to the rule of moderation exist, it is not the abolition of clubs which is desirable, but the reformation of the individual.

—Induce Laziness

At the same time, I believe that clubs induce laziness both in men and women. They are so handy, such easy places in which to entertain, such a boon in the way of saving of elaborate housekeeping. Nevertheless, in these cookless, housemaidless, parlourmaidless days, who shall blame us? Housekeeping has become a burden which can be borne only by the sturdy, and even they shrink from increasing the sphere of their labours. While ordinary service is difficult enough to obtain, dinner-parties are out of the question; and we gladly run to the shelter and convenience of our clubs to give us what home refuses. Someone speaking to me on this subject lately gave forth a stern opinion on Englishwomen as housekeepers. "Don't put the fault upon the mistresses," I pleaded. "Blame the servants." That is, of course, when we are fortunate enough to procure any. Sometimes we are servantless.

Unfashionable Picnics

Picnics are rather going out of fashion. I like a picnic. It is so nice when the proper thing chiefly consists in not being proper, and you can lounge about and put your elbows on the table (I mean, you could, supposing there were a table) without shocking anyone. Picnics are the kind of entertainment to which to invite shy people, for they inevitably lose their shyness. How can anyone be stiff or formal perched on a tree trunk? To me, the one drawback of picnics is the picnicing. Having been brought up for centuries as civilised beings, we find it difficult to reassume the habits and ideals of children of nature. Our meals have been served to us elaborately, and though even forks are really quite superfluous, we cannot do without them. Food is supposed to taste nicer in the open air, all lying about anyhow, and rather squashed with packing, but, as a matter of fact, it only does so when one is exceedingly youthful.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Garden

A Beautiful Shrub

Vegetation was advancing very rapidly until it was checked by unusually severe March frosts, and then a good many plants suffered unless they were protected. It is surprising how slight a protection will often prove effectual. A fold or two of netting, which will allow the passage of light and air, is generally quite sufficient at this season. Even an overhanging tree or bush has much the same effect on the area beneath it—no doubt because it checks radiation from the soil, as the netting must also do. To such plants as the tree pæony, one of the handsomest shrubs in the garden, and sometimes one of the most difficult to manage, late frost is especially injurious. Coming from a climate where it can start into growth earlier than is safe here, it still retains, in its comparatively new surroundings, its old habit, with the inevitable result that in exposed positions the tender young shoots are cut down year after year and the flowers destroyed. There are some who profess to see clear indications of reasoning power in plants; they must surely regard the tree pæony as a singularly stupid specimen of its kind, though it is by no means low in the scale. And because of the marvellous beauty of its flowers, not unlike immense single roses with their centres filled with golden anthers, but more satiny in the texture of their petals, the tree pæony is well worth growing, and, therefore, well worth caring for. And the care that it needs is really very little. A sheltered corner, good soil, plenty of moisture during its growing period, and in early Spring such protection for the young shoots as netting will afford—those are its simple requirements.

A Handsome Terrace Plant

It is only in such favourable spots as the famous Tresco Garden, Scilly, that the agave, often erroneously called an aloe, will live in the open air during the winter in this country. Elsewhere large specimens are often grown in tubs for terrace decoration, and very handsome they look when so employed, their rather stiff outlines harmonising with their surroundings. It is scarcely safe, however, to put them out just yet. Even if we could be sure that there would be no frost severe enough to injure them, there is the risk that the long leaves may be damaged by strong winds. Being natives of Mexico, the agaves are more tender than their leathery foliage would suggest. Like all succulents, they require scarcely any water during their resting period—only just sufficient to prevent shrivelling of the tissues. Damp, combined with a low temperature, is fatal to the whole class, including the cacti, some of which are fairly hardy if only they are kept dry in winter. Now that the temperature is rising, more water should be given to them, but at present not very much more. The weak point in the agaves is the crown. If moisture is allowed to gather there in the colder seasons of the year, their decay is certain.

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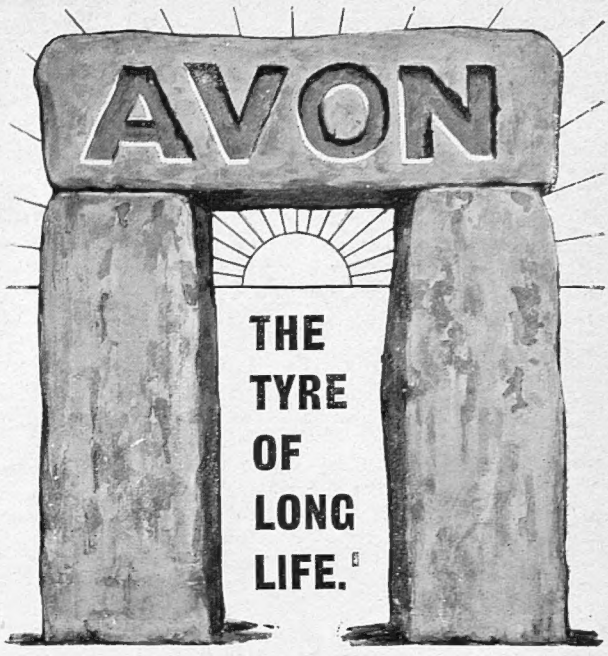

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The Editor's Box

The Season at Beaulieu

The Hotel Bristol, Beaulieu, is still very full, among the numerous visitors being Sir Charles Hamilton, Sir George and Lady White (of Bristol), Mrs. Montague Ballard, the Baroness von Eckardstein, Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, and the Duke of Montrose. Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Bonsor and Lord Dunsdale have also been staying at the Bristol this season.

Miss Florence Nightingale's Home

A correspondent writes us as follows: "Having occasion to spend a few days in the Peak of Derbyshire, where I had been directed by medical advice to obtain fresh air and a quiet rest, I came across on old gabled country mansion situated on the summit of a well-wooded hill overlooking one of the most charming valleys to be found, perhaps, anywhere in England. On making inquiries as to the owner and occupier of the mansion, I was informed that it was Lea Hurst, and owned by Miss Florence Nightingale. The charm of the situation it would be impossible to describe, but as the illustrious lady has figured so prominently in the public notice during the last few months, I felt sure your readers would be interested to know that the early home of "The Lady of the Lamp" was placed amidst such unique picturesque surroundings."

A Useful Pocket Book

The Midland Railway Company have just issued the 1908 edition of their Pocket Book of Shows, Fairs, and Sporting Fixtures. This handy little volume of 180 pages contains a complete list of agricultural, etc., shows, cattle and sheep fairs and sales, racing, cricket, and other sporting fixtures arranged for 1908, supplemented by useful information relating to the various classes of traffic carried by the Company, and their facilities for dealing with it. Any Midland Stationmaster or District Superintendent will supply a copy free on application.

Good News for Men

Ladies have long had almost the monopoly of the dainty violet toilet preparations of the Misses Allen-Brown, of Henfield, Sussex. Now, however, the mere male is afforded an opportunity of indulging in one of these luxurious violet preparations, for the Allen-Brown Violet Shaving Soap has just been put on the market, and the bristling path of the daily shave is now "violets, violets all the way" for many months with an initial outlay of 1*s.* for the first stick.

Strolls in Beechy Bucks

Of all the countryside contiguous to our great Metropolis none is more beautiful and none probably less visited than the southern districts of Buckinghamshire, truly the home of many of England's greatest men, for here at almost every turn one comes across associations with Milton, Gray, Waller, Burke, Beaconsfield, Hampden, and Penn. Inaccessibility is no longer the Londoner's excuse for ignorance of this region, for the Great Central Railway has now brought it within the easiest and cheapest of journeys from London. For the use of walkers especially, though not to be neglected by cyclists and motorists, the Company has just issued a little guide-book, entitled "Strolls in Beechy Bucks," by F. Dockett Smith, which, besides containing much historical information, also precludes the necessity for a map, as the walks are carefully, and ofttimes photographically, described. Copies may be obtained, post free for 2½*d.*, from the Publicity Department, Great Central Railway, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W., or the publisher, Walter Hill, 67-69, Southampton Row, W.C.

A Removal

John Haddon and Co., the well-known Advertisement Agents and proprietors of the Caxton Type Foundry, have removed to their new premises in Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, adjoining those which they have occupied for so many years. The new offices, which have been specially designed and fitted for their use, give a practical exposition of many of the time and labour-saving products of the Woodworking Section of the Caxton Type Foundry.

Mitcham Golf Links

The Brighton Railway Company announce for the convenience of golfers that on week-days, commencing April 1, a train will leave Mitcham Junction at 12.20 p.m. for Victoria, and that a rail motor will also run, every week-day except Saturdays, from Mitcham Junction to Victoria at 2.30 p.m., and be due to arrive at 2.47 p.m., returning from Victoria to Sutton at 2.55 p.m., calling at Mitcham Junction, Hackbridge, and Carshalton.

A 100th Performance

A White Man will reach its 100th performance at the Lyric Theatre on Tuesday, April 7, when an illustrated souvenir will be presented to the audience by Mr. Lewis Waller. As a proof of its popularity, it is being burlesqued nightly in London at two music-halls and one theatre. This has not happened since the *Trilby* boom.

The Coliseum

Mr. George Lashwood, the Sunny South Company, and Mr. Severus Schaffer are the principal visitors to the Coliseum this week.

Suburban Attractions

(*With Telephone Numbers*)

BOROUGH, Stratford: *The Belle of Mayfair.* 897 East.

BROADWAY, New Cross: *The Power of the King.* 196 Deptford.

CAMDEN: *Sherlock Holmes.* 328 North.

CORONET, Notting Hill: D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. 1273 Ken.

CROWN, Peckham: *Irene Wycherley.* 412 Hop.

GRAND, Croydon: *The Country Girl.* 12 Croydon.

CRYSTAL PALACE: *The Hypocrites.*

DALSTON: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sugden in *Zaza.* 1879 Dalston.

FULHAM: *The Woman of Kronstadt.* 376 Ken.

KENNINGTON: *His House in Order.* 1006 Hop.

KING'S, Hammersmith: *Stingaree.* 119 Hammersmith.

MARLBOROUGH, Holloway: *The Midnight Wedding.* 131 North.

SHAKESPEARE, Clapham: *The Sign of the Cross.* 41 Battersea.

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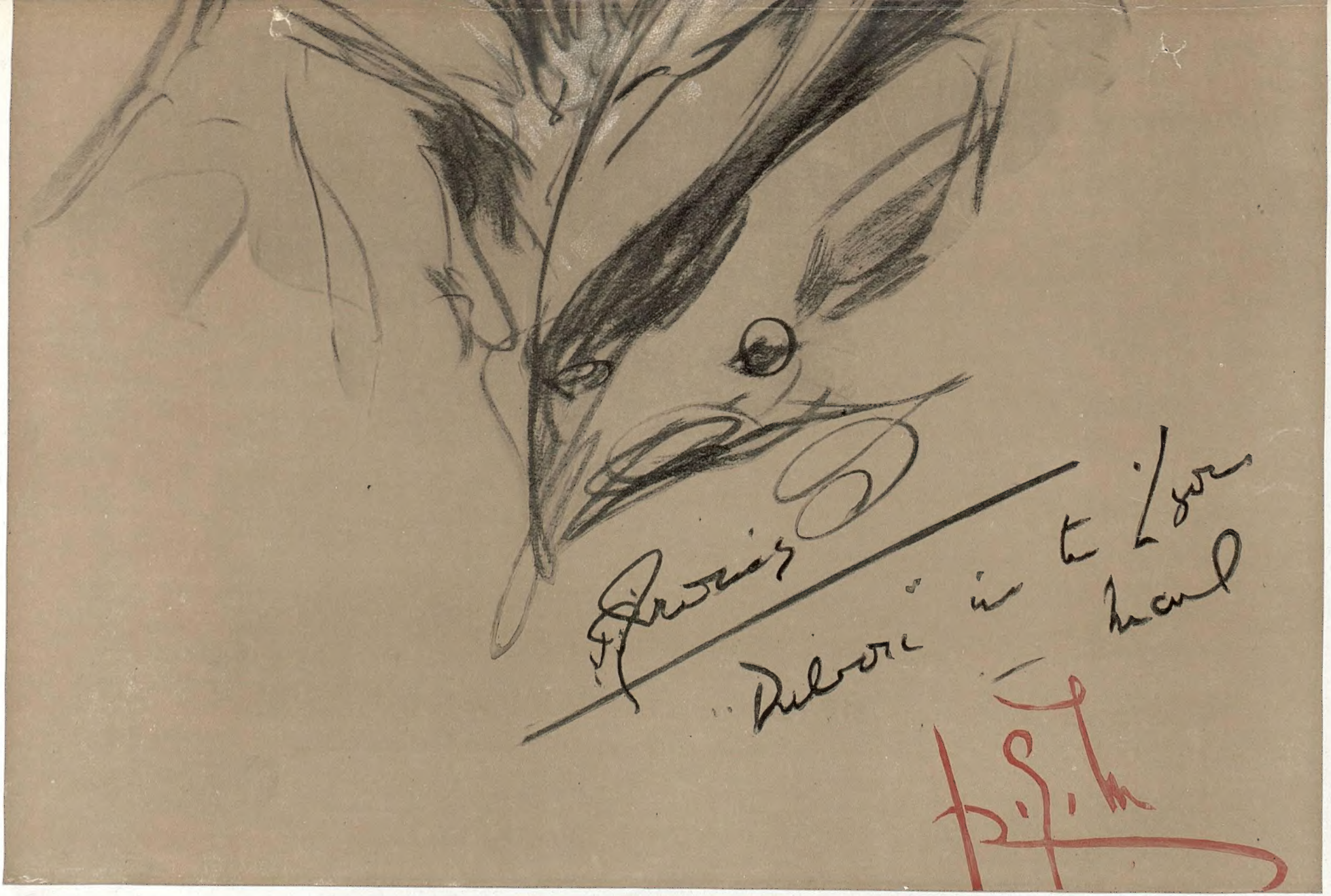

MR. H. B. IRVING AS DUBOSC IN "THE LYONS MAIL"

AN IMPRESSIONIST STUDY BY THE CANADIAN ARTIST, R. G. MATTHEWS

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